B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

Volume 45, No. 2 November, 1930

In This Issue

DID THE JEWS DISCOVER AMERICA?

By Dr. Isadore Lhevinne

ANTI-SEMITISM IN EUROPE

By Louis Minsky

A CHILD'S LIFE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By Chaim Nachman Bialik

And Other Features

Pacific School of Religion

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MOMENTS OF DISCRETION

. . . When the race starts for the dinner check, keep safely out of the scrimmage . . .

. . . Be nonchalant

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

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EDITOR
ALFRED M. COHEN
DR. I. M. RUBINOW - - - MANAGING EDITOR
ALFRED SEGAL - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Samuel S. Cohon — David Philipson
Max L. Margolis — Morris Fishbein
Felix A. Levy — Martin A. Zielonka

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Editorial Comment

The Apprehensions of German Jews

THE substantial good sense of the German people will serve as ballast for the Hitler hot air balloon on which a large number of Germans seem to have sailed, if one is to judge by the recent Reichstag election.

The result of this election appears to forebode evil times for German Jews; for anti-Semitism is one of the planks in the Hitler platform. But a calm analysis of the news from Germany suggests that Hitler's victory was more a protest against economic distress than a manifestation against Jews.

This Hitler demagogue promised to lift burdens which are on the necks of the German people. He would tear up the Versailles treaty by which Germany was deprived of rich areas. He would repudiate the Young reparations plan by which the labor of Germans is under mortgage for some 57 years.

These promises, rather than the prospect of a Germany without Jews, were appealing to a people who have fallen into economic depressions for reasons which, they believe, have to do with the Versailles treaty and the reparations agreement.

Already the common sense of responsible Germans is offering reassurance to Jews. The German constitution guarantees the rights of all Germans, announces the German minister of the interior, and, he adds, Germany is amply able to insure these rights, by force, if necessary.

The strong, well-disciplined German character that was able to build a new political order quickly out of chaos will not follow far an irresponsible swashbuckler. Despite Hitler's threats in open court that "heads will roll in the sand," when he gets the power, the court convicted three of his followers who were charged with treason against the German state.

The pride of Germans will stand firm against actions which would reduce Germany to the moral level of the old Russia and of the new Roumania. If Hitler is acquainted with Biblical history he may know the story of Haman. It was this Haman who desired that the heads of all the Jews in Shushan roll in the sand. In the end it was Haman's own head that rolled.

* * *

The Human Being in Industry

THE Reform rabbis of the country are concerned with the human product of industry. They regard the new machinery, so swift, so productive, so efficient. . . . One machine may do the work of a hundred hands.

The rabbis watch the mass production that flows from this machinery. . . . Wonderful! . . . The gadgets and the widgets pile up in mountainous heaps, ready for the market.

"But," the rabbis inquire, "what becomes of the hundred hands that have been displaced by this machine?"

They turn from admiration of the machine to search for the missing hands. They find them idle, helpless, empty. The hands require food, clothing, but they are without means to buy. They reach for work but the swifter machine has taken their trade from them.

The rabbis ask: "If so many hands are thrown out of work by efficient machines who will buy the products which these machines so swiftly and in such quantities create? These machines vastly increase production and at the same time reduce the buying power."

The rabbis are disturbed by this. How efficient, they ask, really is this machinery which, while multiplying things, reduces men to poverty? To what good are these machnes if men are unable to buy the things they make?

The commission on social justice of the Central Conference of American Rabbis has come to certain conclusions.

"If our constantly improving machinery with its replacement of human workers is not to produce unemployment before it produces aught else," this commission says in a report, "not only must the number of working days a week be reduced, there must also be a diminution of working hours a day, with corresponding increase of wage rates, enabling all workers to earn sufficiently."

It is good that the rabbis have come with this torch to join those who are trying to find a way out of the darkness of these times.

* * *

The Five-Day Week and Sabbath

ECONOMISTS are offering the five-day work week as a means to reduce the disemployment which is caused by machinery, and rabbis see in the five-day week hope of a revival of general Sabbath observance among Jews.

If the economic stress obliges the Jew to work on Saturday, he may be expected to give his mind and heart to the holy implication of the Sabbath when Saturday becomes a holiday for all. This is the hope.

Indeed, the Jew says: "How can I be observant in a competitive world? How can I afford to close my store on Saturday when my next door rival keeps his open?"

There are, it is true, some flaming souls who, regardless of profit, close their places of business on the Sabbath. This, we hear, is notably a fact in Baltimore where even Jews of the third and fourth American generations give themselves to Sabbath observance.

The five-day week, which is already established in some industries, will serve as a challenge to the Jew. What will he do with the free day on which he may observe his traditional Sabbath? If he regards it merely as another day for sleeping, motoring, and golfing, its holy significance will be lost to him.

Doubtless, when the five-day week becomes universal we will hear earnest discussion on the ways a Jew should observe his new-found day of rest. Ther will be strict Sabbatarians who will insist that Jew set free from labor on the Sabbath must abstain als from all other forms of physical exertion as well a give his heart to worship in the synagogue.

Those with more modern concepts will say: "Th Sabbath is a day for reverence and for rest. Hi reverential duty requires a Jew to attend his syna gogue. As for resting, there are various ways b which a man may rest after he has performed hi religious duties. In recreation is rest. Therefor he may engage in recreations which provide him wit refreshment for body and mind.

The ideal Sabbath—may it speedily come!—will o fer refreshment for Jewish life. It will serve t bring Jews together in communion far more ofte than now; it will remind Jews once a week that the are Jews; it will—if permitted—restore in the Jew ish home the sweet holiness that was of the Jewis home of old.

Will the Jew accept the good opportunity?

* * *

Yes, We Are Static

JUDAISM is static, Christianity dynamic, say Charles Hall Perry in a sympathetic article i Scribner's. Christianity does, Judaism is.

If to be dynamic means to press our claims upo the world, to evangelize, to regulate, then we ar static. We are not concerned with increasing th number of Jews but rather with improving the exist ing number of Jews. We do not seek by high pres sure to persuade other people to take Judaism; w are interested only in what we, as Jews, may give to mankind.

This is the chief reason of our existence as Jews If we are a people of the oldest civilization, then i is our purpose to serve mankind with the gentleness becoming to such a people. If we are the people o the Book, our mission as a people and as individuals is to hold up steadily the banners of peace and justice and righteousness.

We are not religious sergeants attempting to drill the world. We walk beside the road with our banners and we rejoice if others raise banners like our own, even though they do not march with us. It is enough for us that they march for peace and justice and righteousness.

Though we do not ask any one to march with us we are happy to march with whomever goes in our direction. We take up with science, seeing in it a continuing revelation of God. We were the first of religious groups to take up with social service, seeing in it a medium of religion in its noblest expression.

We are not dynamic in the sense that we do not push.

Once the dynamic wind and the static sun made a wager.

"I can take that man's coat off and you can't," the wind challenged. And it blew a terrific gale but it did not succeed in removing the man's coat. On the contrary he buttoned it more tightly.

Then the sun shone upon the man and he grew warm and took off his coat. May we say that Jews are like the static sun, shining with what light there is in us, hoping men will catch something of our illumination.

What, Then, Is a Jew?

MR. WISHLICSKI, a Jew of Warsaw, became a convert to Christianity. We do not know what moved Mr. Wishlicski to this change of faiths. But even after he became a Catholic he still considered himself a member of the Jewish community. Indeed, Mr. Wishlicski insisted upon paying his annual tax of 1000 zlotys to the Warsaw kehilla.

But the Warsaw Jewish community turned back his 1000 zlotys. Most properly! For to be a Jew is primarily a religious identity. The Jew lives by the lives of those who held fast to the faith even when it profited them to abandon it. . . . Aye, he lives by the lives of those who died rather than surrender it.

The Jew would have perished as a Jew had he been of a breed of cowards fleeing from Judaism for the sake of comfort. By no other identity than religion could he have saved himself from the intermarriage that has assimilated Jewish families to extinction.

There is a cult of Jews that considers religion the least of the Jewish identity. They set Judaism aside as a factor in their lives. They consider themselves Jews only by cultural associations, such as a fondness for Jewish art. It is good to foster Jewish culture but the fundamental of Jewish life is Jewish religion and Jewish education must emphasize Judaism rather than a Jewish dilletantism.

The way of Jewish life is pointed by religion. Perhaps Mr. Wishlicski of Warsaw considers himself culturally a Jew. Perhaps he is fond of the pictures of Jewish artists; perhaps he is a dabbler in Jewish wit and humor.

But by common consent of Warsaw Jewry he is rejected. He is not a Jew. He left the faith.

* * *

Tolerance in Catholic Quebec

THE ugly head of anti-Semitism lifted itself in the recent parliamentary election in the Province of Quebec, Canada. There were even anti-Semitic candidates. There was demand for the defeat of a Jewish member of Parliament on the sole ground that he is a Jew and, therefore, should not represent a district that was predominantly Catholic.

The reports of these agitations gave pain to liberal men. Canada had seemed always to partake of the free spirit of her mother, England, and of her cousin, the United States. Could it be true that to this hemisphere there had been imported one of the vices of politics on the European continent? Our own politics is not always high-minded but it has always been free of anti-Semitism, except for an occasional, localized incident.

But this anti-Semitic assault in Quebec was a noisy campaign, with open villification, with a weekly press, with candidates who went about denouncing Jews.

Despite this vicious attack, despite that to the candidates indorsed by the anti-Semitic group belonged the victorious Conservative party, the anti-Semites suffered a rout without a shred of comfort. Though the anti-Semites and their candidates professed to speak for the Catholic French Canadians, these Canadians by decisive majorities rededicated themselves to principles of tolerance.

The anti-Semitic candidates went down to defeat; the Jew, S. W. Jacobs of Montreal, a Liberal, was elected for a fifth term in a district overwhelmingly Catholic, in the face of a Conservative landslide.

Does Self-Respect Beget Respect?

AN IMPORTANT case was set for trial by the Supreme Court of Ohio for last Rosh Hashonah. Among a large array of counsel were Gilbert Bettman, Attorney General of the State on one side and Murray Seasongood, former Mayor of Cincinnati on the other side. A few days before the Holy Day the court was advised by these gentlemen that the date for the trial was for them a solemn day on which they abstained from secular work. The Court, which is the highest judicial body in Ohio, directed that the case be heard on another day, and the newspapers announced the court's action and the reason therefor.

It is worth while noting in this connection that both of the attorneys named are Cincinnatians and that nowhere in the world do Jews stand higher in public esteem than in that city. Who can say how closely related is the respect which the Jews of Cincinnati have for themselves to the respect in which they are held by their non-Jewish fellow citizens?

* * *

To the Synagogue First of All

IT WAS on a Friday in July that the Jews in the village of Balaceano, Roumania, were set upon, beaten, driven, pillaged. On Saturday when the passions of the villagers had subsided, they dared return to their shattered homes.

About them lay a desolation. . . . The wrecks of their houses. . . . The pillage of their household goods. . . . The sullen hate of the enemy whose passions were momentarily sated.

What was to be done? What a question to ask. Was this not the Sabbath? What else then was there to be done but to go forthwith to the synagogue and render praise unto the Lord who giveth the Sabbath.

The synagogue had been plundered; they seated themselves amid its devastation.

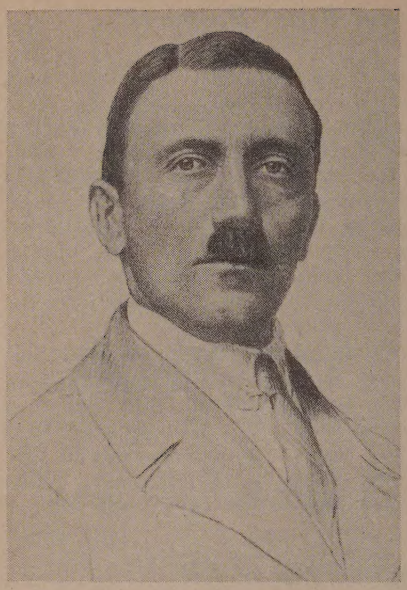
"The breath of every living being shall bless Thy name, O Lord our God," they chanted, "and the spirit of all flesh shall continually glorify Thy memorial, O our King. . . . The Lord slumbereth not, nor sleepeth; He arouseth the sleepers and awakeneth the slumberers; he maketh the dumb to speak, looseth the bound, supporteth the falling, and raiseth up the bowed."

What did this matter? This destruction which is, after all, only the destruction of things which must in their time fall to the dust; this hate which is like fire that soon consumes itself?

"The greatness of God and His goodness fill the universe," they chanted, "knowledge and understanding surround Him; purity and rectitude are before His throne, loving kindness and tender mercy before His glory."

So they continued their service to its conclusion, leaving unsaid no word of praise in the ritual, and closing with "Blessed, praised and glorified, exalted, extolled and honored, magnified, and lauded be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He."

We call attention to this as a high act of faith in a time when old foundations of faith are shaken and men prostrate themselves before broken golden gods and importune them to rise again.



Adolf Hitler

Anti-Semitism in Europe

By LOUIS MINSKY

IN THE recent German elections over 6,000,000 voters cast their ballots for the Nationalist-Socialists and thereby consciously lent their support to the most notorious anti-Semitic machine of modern times. In 1928 half a million voters rallied to the support of the Hitler party and thousands of others voted for the ten or 11 minor anti-Semitic parties which, although differing on many essential points, were unanimous in their hatred of the Jew. In the same year the Hitlerites, with a party membership of 100,000, conducted an identical number of anti-Jewish mass meetings, and during the month of October, 1929, alone they convoked 19,000 such public gatherings. Possessing five daily newspapers, 50 weeklies, a press bureau, a staff of intellectuals, professors, journalists, and maintaining a special department to gather statistics and information on capitalism and the Jews, the Nationalist-Socialists have developed Jew-baiting into a highly effective organism and made anti-Semitism such an efficacious political dogma that Marr and Stocker, were they living, could have desired no more. In fact, while the outside world knows Hitler as anti-peace treaties, anti-reparations payments, anti-republic and anti-profiteers, the crowning passion of Hitler's life is his hatred of the Jew.

In order to combat this monstrous evil he has invented a curious sort of socialism, anti-Marxist in scope and designed primarily to obliterate the communistic, socialistic, and capitalistic Jew. To support his contentions that the Jew is the most unpleasant fellow on earth Herr Hitler and his cohorts have made some interesting discoveries and inventions. One of his staff of doctors, for instance, has written an article in a magazine called *Hundewelt*, in which he states that certain breeds of German dogs have an inborn aversion for Jews. He himself, he tells us, has owned dogs which could tell a Jew in a crowd of Germans, and upon sight of one would turn up its nose and hasten off to some pure bred Nordic. Another member of Hitler's staff invented, not long ago, a death ray which would positively wipe the Jews from the face of Germany. A syndicate was formed from Nationalist-Socialist ranks to market the invention but when it came to a tryout the thing refused to work and not a single Jew was killed.

As American newspapers have pointed out, the huge Fascist vote in Germany was a vote of protest—a gesture of political emotionalism and economic discontent. Present day anti-Semitism in Europe, stripped of all its camouflage, has three causes: (1) The dislike for the unlike. (2) The progressiveness of the Jew. (3) The fact that human nature requires some outlet for its multifarious passions. Hitler has rammed into the heads of dissatisfied Germans that the Jews are responsible for the present economic condition. When it comes down to plain bread and butter issues tempestuous Europeans are liable to give credence to that wh they would utterly reject in times plenty. Moreover, even if the Jew w not the cause of the economic distre the dithyrambical German, like t Roumanian and the Pole, must vent l feelings on somebody, and for this p pose the Jew comes in most han When Paderewski approached the All for the annexation of Danzig to Pola after the War, he was met coldly. exhorted the victors of the possi consequences. "When the Polish peo get to hear of your decision," he sa "they will declare a day of mournin close up their shops, and massacre t Jews." The Allies were a little d concerted at this prediction, and t question was ventured: "Suppose v do give you Danzig, what then?" "Ah Paderewski answered, "that is anoth story. The Poles will be overjoye A national holiday will be declare shops will be closed, and they will g out and massacre the Jews!"

In the present economic unrest Europe it needs but little to kindle t flames of hatred or of hope, nor ha the politicians been unmindful of thi The peasants of Roumania welcome King Carol back to the throne becaus back of their mind was a faint glimm of hope that this return might mea more to them in bread and butter. Th craziest doctrines are accepted wit that self delusion born of despair. Th man in the streets believes that thing as they are could not be worse, and i there are at all any changes they mus be for the better. He is ready to be lieve that the Jews are the controllin

Anti-Semitism

conomic factor and that their removal rill result considerably to his own enefit. It is so particularly in Rou- ania where the Cuzites have incited he peasants, who heretofore were ever anti-Semitic, into believing that he Jews are responsible for the surious rates on loans. The philosophy f despair has presented Cuza and his nti-Semitic student organization, the ron Guard, with a new tool in his war o oust the Jews. It is this economic istress which has convinced at least ne country that in times of need one ust care for one's own native citizens nd then, if it be at all possible, the ews can be provided for. Jews are arred from government service in oland and suffer most heavily from he burden of taxation which falls everely on the urban population in vhich the Jews are mainly concen- rated.

Perhaps the foremost cause of anti- emitism was the nationalism that fol- owed in the wake of the post-war set- lements in Europe. Hungary had been nutilated; Germany and Austria dis- appointed; Poland, Lithuania, and the Balkan States, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho- lovakia found themselves freed or as eparate political entities. The reac- ions, which were generally dissimilar, ound common expression in a tide of ationalism that engulfed Europe from East to West. Hungary gave vent to er feelings through the Awakening Magyars whose attacks and massacres n the Jews reached their brutal climax n the Jew Hunts of 1920. Lithuania, ike Poland, resented the separate ulture of the Jew and embarked upon program of Litvinization which has ot lessened to this day. Jugo-Slavia, n common with Italy, could not tolerate he revolution in the mentality of the ew which caused him to espouse the ionist cause after the Balfour Declara- ion had sown the seeds of Jewish Na- ionalism, and there followed the inter- diction of the Jew, which is not as irulent today as in the post-war period ut which is nevertheless a menace to ewish freedom.

The economic depression has replaced his extreme chauvinism as a factor in nti-Jewish aggressiveness. The Jew, n Europe, is still, however, regarded s essentially an alien. Since the ad- ent of the Zionist movement the people f Europe have grudgingly and un- officially recognized the Jew as a mem- ber of the Jewish nation. Czecho- Slovakia has been the first to officially acknowledge the Jew as a separate na- tionality and henceforth Jews will be freely able to designate themselves as Jewish instead of Czecho-Slovakian. Other states, such as Poland and Lithuania, have never been able to ac- custom themselves to the spectacle of the Jews fostering a distinct culture in Poland with alleged un-Polish ten- dencies towards isolation. They cannot forget their fight for freedom against the Russian Czarist tyranny, when the majority of Jews refused to join in any conspiracy to overthrow the ruling power and refused to align themselves with any chauvinistic movement which aimed ultimately at this goal.

The present anti-Semitic movement in Europe is sinister by reason of its being politico-religious, international in scope with the purpose of founding a "League of Aryans and Aryan Peoples," and led by the most violent of reac- tionaries, Hitler. The Germans were the first to appreciate the value of anti-Semitism as a political platform but in the early stages of this disease the new *Weltanschaaung* was confined to the borders of the Empire and went beyond its limits only when the political extremists of England wanted to em- ploy it as a tool against Disraeli and when France was a seething vortex of Jew hatred just before the momentous Dreyfus case. Since Hitler has assumed the reins of the German anti-Semitic movement he has made it his business to spread his doctrines to Hungary, Poland, Roumania, Austria and among the German element of Czecho-Slovakia, all of which present anti-Semitism to the voters at election time and char- acterize themselves with the *Hacken- kreutzler* emblem of the Germans.

The students of Europe are fighting the Jews with the spirit of Nationalism; the agitating priests are leading them on the grounds that the Jewish religion is immoral; the reactionaries top them all with the hoary fiat of the Jewish economic peril. The masses are joining these impassioned agitators because they are hungry and when one's stomach is empty he is likely to listen to the crooning of some Hitler, some Cuza or some Dmowski, and give little heed to the consequences. The govern- ments in some cases genuinely attempt to combat the menace of anti-Semitism. In other cases they close their eyes at anti-Jewish disturbances, either be- cause it is part of their own philosophy, or because, in the process of rising to power it was necessary to connive and fraternize to some extent with the anti- Semites. The Jews attempt to stave off the menace through the direct means of bodily self-defense through the organized Maccabee youth units as in Poland, Lithuania, Hungary, Austria and Germany; or by means of par- liamentary overtures by Jewish dep- uties in an effort to make the govern- ments live up to the minorities treaties guaranteeing the Jews equal rights, as in Poland and Roumania; or they go about the matter in the more cultured way of trying to educate the public in the folly and barbariousness of anti- Semitism, and when necessary, pros- ecute offenders in court, as in Germany.

So long as the present economic situation prevails in Europe, anti-Sem- itism is likely to be one of the prin- cipal blots in its civilization. Jew hatred is so deeply rooted in Europe that any major social, political, or economic event inevitably has its reper- cussions on the Jews. It was so in Russia after the revolution when the intellectuals hated the Jews for taking too big a part in its consummation; and after the World War, when chaotic passions were directed against the Jew; it was so after the Bolshevik Revolution in Hungary where the Jews were murdered because a few of them had been incautious enough to hold a portfolio in the cabinet of Bela Kun; and after the recent evacuation of the Rhineland when the populace gave ex- pression to its joy in attacks on the Jews. To be a Jew in Europe today requires the highest sort of courage. The anti-Semites preach economic boy- cott against the Jew, fight Jewish can- didates at municipal and parliamentary elections, villify every Jew before the public eye, deny employment to Jews, try to bar them from summer places and hotels, and attempt to break up Jewish meetings and gatherings. The reaction among the Jews themselves is that while they generally hold up their heads and meet the anti-Semites on a *quid pro quo* basis, there are tendencies in one or two instances to show that they are unable to keep up the battle. In Germany and Hungary there are alarming trends towards intermarriage and assimilation and in the latter coun- try the Jews, up till recently, rejected all outside Jewish aid in their fight for equal rights, in the hope of pleasing the Magyars and proving their good citizenship.

Did The Jews Discover America?

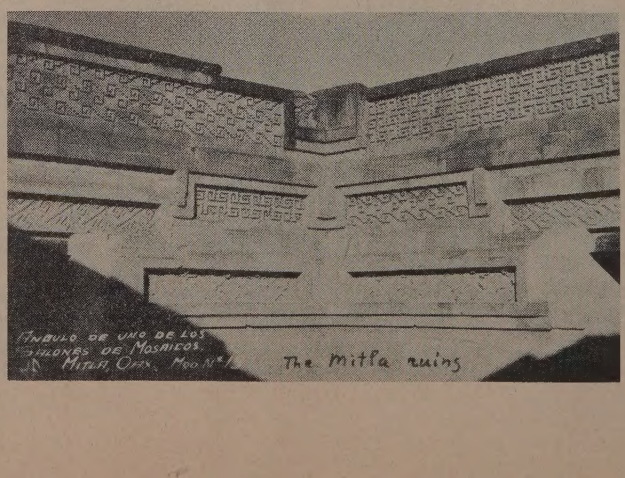
By DR. ISADORE LHEVINNE

ALL our notions about the origin and spread of Jews are gradually undergoing a most thorough change. We know definitely by now that the Jews were a seafaring race, and that they were far from being cowards. Newly discovered tablets describe Jews of Seleucia as "men who despise danger and are very ready to fight on any occasion." Jewish garrisons were stationed far and wide, from Berberian Coast to Caspian Sea. They were wanderers and discoverers and sought to penetrate into the interior where the Greeks were satisfied with the seacoast. It is a matter of record that the savage Artaxerxes, 340 B. C., deported Jewish rebels in Palestine to the trade cities of the Caspian Sea. At the same time Jews were masters of numerous colonies along the Black Sea as shown by various inscriptions. Where they had been deported, the Jews were given land and certain franchises, and as Prof. Godbey says in his remarkable book, "The Lost Tribes a Myth," they were in no danger of being lost; the contrary was sometimes the fact, and their special privileges sometimes were the cause of great proselytizing.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the eyes of the archeologists are now turned to Mexico, where for the last three years important excavations yielded sufficient material to vest the theory of pre-Columbian Jewish settlers in the New World with more than plausibility. As a matter of fact the theory is not altogether new, for the priest, Plancarte, and Dr. Leon advanced the same view 30 years ago, maintaining that the Jews on more than one occasion had reached the Mexican shore along the Pacific Coast hundreds of years before Columbus. When one considers that Israel was a far-flung race as far back as the first millenium before the Christian era and that they were the most intrepid of ancient seafarers, their discovery of the New Continent seems almost imperative. Soliman of Andaluzia, in 875 A. D., found strong Jewish communities in all the larger

Sculptured head on the "Jew-vase."

cities of China. Marco Polo says that the Jews were numerous and commercially powerful in his time, and that some lived in Cambaluc (Peking) in 1286. In Armenia, Judaism flourished at least 800 years ere the Khazars reached it. "The immemorial trade routes," says Prof. Godbey, "have much to do with the presence of Judaism in Turkestan, China, Mongolia, and India." When we turn to the interior of Africa we find the same state of affairs. The Jew seems to be ubiquitous. The negro tribes of Mavimba, north of the Congo, are recognized to have Jewish antecedents. Two hundred miles inland from Angola, Livingstone found negroes called the Jews of Angola. The Portuguese Jews were connected with this region long before the Jesuit order existed, and the San Tome Jews sometimes took black wives from this Angola coast.



As far south as Madagascar, at scattered points on the Isle of St. Marie the traveler Sibree met with Zafi Ibrahim, "descendants of Abraham" who claimed to be pure Jews.

Already the great Menasseh Ben Israel, the champion of Jewish rights and the eloquent advocate of the Jews before Cromwell, spoke of a Jewish tribe that lived happily in South America.

About two years ago the question again cropped up with the arrival of a certain Dr. Max Neumayer, a South American savant specializing in theosophy and occult sciences, who delivered several lectures in Mexico, developing the thesis that the ancient Aztecs were diligent students of the Kabala and most likely had come in contact with the early Jewish settlers. In the famous pyramids that can be seen now in San Juan Teotihuacan he believed to have discovered the mystic number seven as well as the swastika symbol; discoveries of doubtful importance. Then in the little mound in the ruins called la Ciudadela there were found stones with inscriptions in characters described as ancient Chinese. Later, however, the archeologist Jose Arreola insisted that the characters were not Chinese but Hebrew-Phoenician. It is a far cry from Chinese to Hebrew-Phoenician, and the legend of the famous Hebrew-Chinese stone is still an enigma. I must say, however, that I have closely examined the ruins in Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca (one of the states bordering on the Pacific). The ornaments and the frescoes especially were of a distinct Egyptian character. Already in the days of Montezuma and Cortez the palace and the temple were in a state of ruins, so that there is no question about the Milta temple being one of the most ancient monuments of archaic or pre-Indian culture. Most of the frescoes are irretrievably lost, because every Indian deemed it his duty to take out at least half a wall and build his own house with the free material, the stones being of the most excellent quality. Whatever is left of the frescoes traced in black on a red background with great skill

and taste, closely resembles Egyptian hieroglyphics and is undoubtedly of Semitic origin.

The most important finds, however, come from the neighboring state of Guerrero, also bordering on the Pacific and possessing the famous harbor of Acapulco, one of the greatest natural harbors in the world, and the most famous in the days of the conquistadores. Through this port wares came from the mother country and expeditions were sent out to Japan and China. In 1927 in the pueblo of Ometepec, not far from the coast, one of the natives while tilling the ground hit upon a veritable archeological trove, among the objects being the famous *vaso-judio*, arms, and ritual objects of a nature totally alien to those used by the aborigines. The vase baptized *vaso judio* (Jew vase) is of a cylindrical form, of a thick, half baked clay, with a well sculptured head of a most perfect Jewish-Hittite type. It is now preserved in the Museo Nacional in Mexico and is catalogued under the same nickname given to it by the sharp-eyed Indians. Beside that vase was found another, also with a head but without a beard; nevertheless, of a distinct Semitic type: strong lower jaw, big round eyes, thick eyelids and lips. The iron and stone implements found in the same mound were adorned with sculptured heads of Semitic appearance.

Aside from archeologic evidence, the Jewish type is extremely common on the entire Pacific Coast of Mexico, a fact already noticed by the priest, Plancarte, and Dr. Nicolas Leon who, upon examining a collection of vases of the Tarasco tribe (these live in the state of Michoacan, near Oaxaca) in 1893, found a tablet with Hebrew inscriptions. While it is true that a good many of those Hebrew inscriptions are undoubtedly of a posterior origin (that is, after 1492; the secret Jews, the maranos of Spain and Portugal began to emigrate to the New World less than a decade after the discovery of the new continent); nevertheless, there is enough archaeological evidence to justify further investigations. In the recent excavations made in Chupicuaro, state of Guanajuato, Ramon Mena, a prominent Mexican archeologist, found a number of vases of a definite Phoenician type. Of such importance were these excavations that a new zone was added to the list of archeological subdivisions. The customs of that region, too, are extremely curious and would bear a closer investigation; for instance, the practise of circumcision and the habit of greeting each other by raising the hand of the person greeted to one's forehead, are both Oriental customs. The Tarascans I visited around Uruapan and the lake of Patzcuaro were humble, starved, backward and gentle people, extremely fanatical, ready to kill anyone who would say a word against the Church. They speak very little Spanish.

Any theory must die for lack of practical support. While the weight of evidence brought by Mena is quite imposing, much remains to be done; but in Mexico things are not done swiftly. One must not forget that Mexico is still an enigma to her own self. Mexicans themselves know very little about the pre-Aztec period, and the wildest theories circulate here. With the terrific struggle for life, and numerous political upheavals, there was little time or desire left for scientific speculations. Archeology here is still in its infancy and the major discoveries have not been made yet. Only a month ago the nomad tribes of Coras and Huichlis became the object of an expedition and the results were truly amazing. The Coras were found to be absolutely pagan. The state of Guerrero, believe it or not, hardly has any railroads to speak of, and deters every explorer with its scorpions and tigers, snakes and poisonous insects. The Camino Real, the road built by Cortez from Mexico to Acapulco, still remains the only road to the now declining port of the Pacific. Being the richest state of Mexico, Guerrero is the poorest and wildest as well.

Now Ramon Mena's theory about the Jews being the original discoverers of the new continent is supported by the bulk of modern archeological research. Prof. Godbey asserts that the Jews had lived in Japan since times immemorial. In the city of Umasa, on the site belonging to one of the oldest Chada families, is a well some 1,500 years old. Upon the stone-curbing the word Israel is engraved. According to Mena, the Jews arrived in Mexico via the Pacific. It is not necessary, however, to maintain, as he does, that they migrated during the cruel persecution in Egypt, fleeing via Suez, and roaming the northern trails of Arabia until they hit upon the great Mongolian route, the route followed by caravans, and the trade routes that are even now the only available ones. It was not persecution but rather their elemental tendency to expansion and exploring that drove them on in their quest of the coast until they reached the shore of the Japanese or the Yellow Sea and embarked in small boats pushed forward by the warm "kourousevo."

There was another route by which the Jewish navigators reached the new continent. Already during the reign of Salomon, the great fleet sailed regularly from the famous port of Esion Geber in the northern portion of the Red Sea, and every three years made a cruise of all the then known waters of the world, reaching as far as Cadiz, which was then considered the end of the world. Some of these ships upon reaching the Gulf of Guinea might have easily been swept away by the great equatorial currents and drifted until reaching Brazil, the Guianas or Panama. Be it as it may, the fact remains that in the French Guiana the native tongue, "galibi," is rich and developed and abounds in Hebrew stems. On the Brazilian coast washed by the great equatorial current there are found many rocks with inscriptions in ancient Hebrew. Both philology and archeology may prove conclusively the existence of Jews in ancient Brazil and Guiana.

These theories, whether palatable or not to the conservative Mexican mind, will sooner or later find their corroboration in archeological research. In the cellar of a Mexican house a friend of mine saw ancient menorahs and various other objects of Jewish ritual. The house belonged to a good Catholic family, whose members obligingly explained that the "junk" had been in the cellar of the house for centuries and once upon a time belonged to their ancestors. Unfortunately, I could get no more details about the house or its whereabouts. But I told myself there and then that next summer I would criss-cross the state of Guerrero, on foot or on horseback, brave the scorpions and tigers, and delve into its folklore and archeological wealth. Mexico with its 106 living languages and 68 extinct ones is more than a puzzle. It probably was to the American continent what Caucasus was to Europe and Asia—the tramping ground of nations; for here, as in the Caucasus, you may find within the radius of five miles three or four different races having absolutely nothing in common. Some of these races are of a clearly Mongoloid type; others have an admixture of Semitic characteristics. It is the presence of these latter that science seeks to unravel now.

Is Aviation a Coming Jewish Profession?

By LEON SPITZ

WILL aviation be the answer to the prayer of the Jewish parent who is anxious over his son's future career? The traditional or conventional professions are certainly overcrowded, so Jewish businessmen turned not so very long ago to insurance and automobile sales agencies, and even more recently to the radio and aviation.

That young American Jewry is fully alive to the potential opportunities of this latest of modern industries was borne upon the present writer several days ago, when he was approached by two enterprising youngsters for a magazine subscription which would assist them in securing a free course in commercial aviation. And, by an interesting coincidence, one of the New York Yiddish dailies published in the course of that same week an interview with a Jewish engineer, who is associated with an aeroplane manufacturing plant, in which he advises young Jewish men to enter that, as yet, uncrowded field.

The average Jew may as well realize that aeronautics has already passed the stage of stunts and heroics, of medals and publicity, and has "arrived" to take its legitimate place in modern industry. There is not a little comfort that, in this enterprise at least, the Jew is not a parvenu but, on the other hand, a pioneer; not a parasite, but a creator.

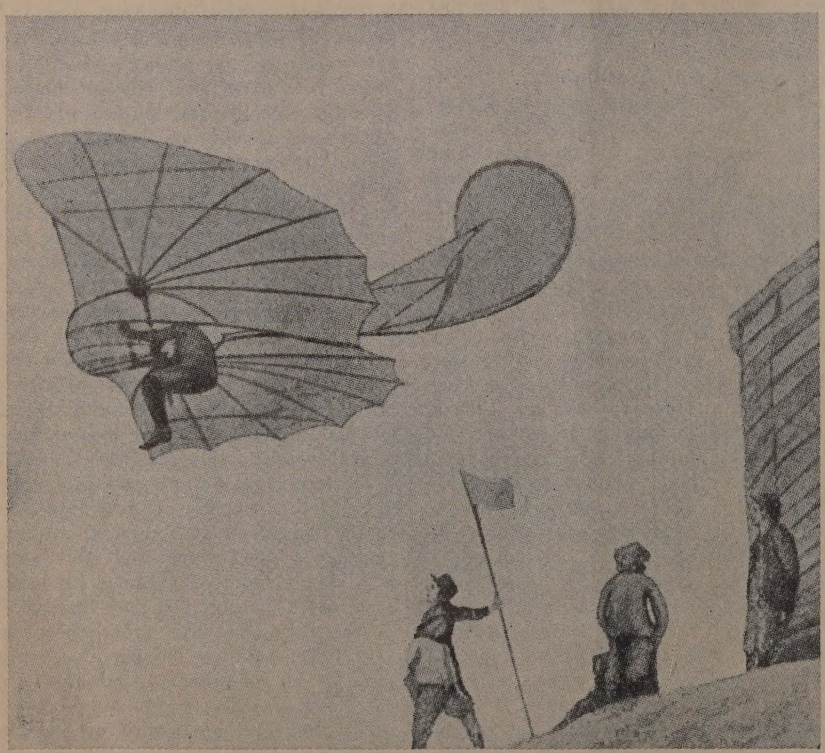
Both in America and abroad—to specify, in England, in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Africa, and in Palestine—the Jew has invaded the field and has even distinguished himself in each and every phase of it: commercial, social, patriotic, military, scientific. In fact, it is a German Jew who is entitled to recognition as the "father of aviation." The Jewish Encyclopedia affords an interesting picture of Otto Lilienthal's attempt to carry into practice his pet theory that "artificial flight must follow the principles of bird flight." Exactly 40 years ago, he made, with a pair of curved wings designed for soaring, the first practical demonstration of man's ability to fly, and eventually paid for it with his life, but not before having achieved a series of successful flights. He was a mechanical engineer and a member of the German Society for the Advancement of Aerial Navigation, and also the author of several works on his favorite subject—particularly of a noted volume which he entitled "Der Vogelzug als Grundlage der Fliegenkunst," published at Berlin in 1884.

Sir Philip Sassoon

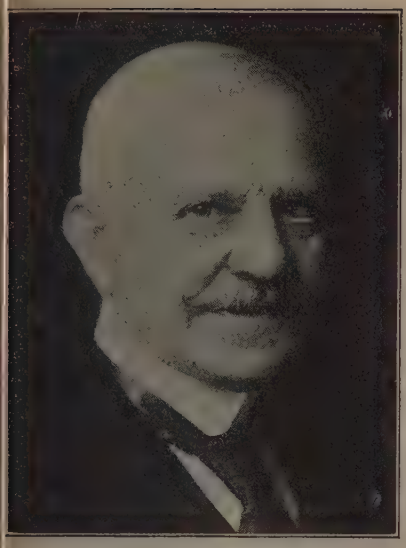
Another Jew, David Schwartz, a native of Hungary, constructed the first rigid airship in 1893, after his plans had been first submitted to and rejected by the governments of Austria and Russia, though he had made his first successful flight in that latter country. It is believed that the makers of the Zeppelin utilized the principles which were brought to light by Schwartz's invention of some 30 years ago.

There may be some significance attached to the fact that the two most recent and popular books on aviation have both been published within the past year by distinguished Jews. Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim's work is being now reviewed in the country's journals, and the other bears the title of "The Third Route" and is from the pen of the Right Honorable Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P. It is a description of the first official inspection of the British Air Stations in the Far East made by air transport, in anticipation of the introduction of a regular air service of flying boats between London and Bombay. Sir Philip held until recently the high post of Undersecretary of State for Air, which made him the Jewish Air-Czar of the British Empire. He is visiting the United States now.

The recent passenger of the Zeppelin on its world flight, Dr. Heinrich Badt, is not only a Sabbath-observing and kosher-eating Jew, but, what is even more to the point, a member of the Reichstag and a high official in the German Ministry of Transportation, which includes commercial aviation in its departmental schedule.



Otto Lilienthal experimenting with his flying-machine: Starting from a platform.



The late Daniel Guggenheim

In Europe, high society has already taken up the "air" and Baron Louis Rothschild was recently presented by the aero club of Vienna with a gold medal for his latest African lion hunting expedition, which was conducted by aeroplane—thus outdoing our own Theodore Roosevelt.

But the latest thrill abroad was afforded by a young Russian Jewish refugee girl at Paris. This lone eagle of France, the world's greatest aviatrix, remained in the air for 36 hours, three hours longer than Lindbergh had stayed up on his historic flight from New York to Paris. The French Aeronautic Society acclaimed her as a "born genius of the air."

Even in the creation of the Jewish Homeland, aviation appears to be playing a significant role. It is a bit too early to speculate upon how soon the air routes will be utilized for Jewish immigration into Palestine, as a sort of fulfillment of the Biblical prophecy that the exiles of Israel will be brought back to Eretz Yisroel on the "wings of eagles." Yet it is an established fact that the illustrious Palestinian agriculturist, Professor Aaron Aronsohn, the director of the American Palestine Experimental Station at Haifa, met his death while flying from Jerusalem to Versailles on a Zionist diplomatic mission, and in our own time, Col. Kisch, the chairman of the Palestine Executive, is not the only Jewish leader who "rides the air" from Jerusalem to London on political errands.

Nevertheless, it is in America that the largest Jewish achievements in the realm of practical aviation have been made. It has almost been forgotten that Charles Levin was the first air commuter from New York to Berlin, but the Jewish share in it all has been conspicuously brought to renewed public notice by the gallant exploit of Bennie Roth, the East Side "Jewish fellow" who has been awarded a medal by the War Department for his participation in Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition. It is not so generally known that the first civilian superintendent, practical head of the air-mail division in the United States Post Office Department is Captain Benjamin B. Lipsner, who has quite a number of Jewish subordinates in this still distinctive phase of civil service. Fraenkel, one of the tragically-ended Andree expedition to the North Pole, was also a Jew!

The Air-Force was regarded as a privileged service reserved for the aristocracy during the war, and not many Jewish "aces" were permitted to enter it, but Harry F. Guggenheim, now American Ambassador at Cuba, served with distinction as a naval aviator in France, Italy, and England, and attained the rank of Lieutenant Commander. His father, Daniel, who died September 28, established and endowed in 1925 the School of Aeronautics at New York University and also founded the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the promotion of aeronautics, of which the son is the president and trustee. Daniel also presented in 1928, to the Government of Chile the munificent sum of half a million dollars for aerial experimentation, and the son gave a similar gift for the promotion of aviation in the South. Ambassador Guggenheim, who is an intimate associate of Col. Lindbergh, represented the United States in the Committee of Experts of Civil Aviation at the League of Nations Conference at Brussels and served as official delegate of the Inter-American Commission of Commerce and Aviation of the Third Pan American Congress held at Washington in May, 1927.

Now a good Freudist might maintain with some show of logic that this intense present day Jewish interest in aviation may be possibly accounted for by the Jewish rare quality of imagination, or by his primitive curiosity about the heights now developed into a predilection for aero travel.

For, the Bible, the Midrash and the Chassidic literature long, long ago created a pro-Jewish aviation tradition. Elijah went up "unto Heaven on a chariot of fire"; Ezekiel in Babylon tells: "And the form of a hand was put forth, and I was taken up by a lock of my head, and a spirit lifted me up between earth and heaven, and brought me . . . to Jerusalem." The ascension of Moses to receive the Torah was accomplished through the instrumentality of a "cloud of glory." Solomon "rode through the air" on a throne of light placed on an eagle, or else on an Aladdin-like carpet, the tremendous proportions of which have not even been approached by the Zeppelin, for it was reputed to have been "60 miles long and 60 miles wide" and the wind once shook down some 40,000 passengers. Chassidic traditions too, centuries nearer to our own time, revelled in spreading miracle tales of *"kefitzas hadderech,"* of marvelous air-speed stunts alleged to have been performed by the Rebbis, Tsaddikim, and *gute Yidden.* The Cabbalah naturally embellished similar exploits by pseudo-Messiahs.

Captain Lipsner (in uniform) tossing the first sack of government mail into the plane flown under his supervision.

Three fine examples of Gilbert Stuart's portraits of prominent Jews. Left to right, Abraham Touro, Mrs. Michael Gratz, and Samuel Myers.

Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Jews

By HANNAH R. LONDON

IT is not generally known that Gilbert Stuart, the greatest of the American portrait painters, painted the likenesses of a number of early American Jews, who were among his first patrons. Stuart was born near Newport, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755. At the age of 18, after some training, he went abroad to study and returned within two years destitute of everything but the great gift. Before long, however, the Jews of Newport discovered his genius, and shortly after his return he began to paint portraits of the wealthy Jewish families then living there, including the Lopez family, of whose portraits now, unfortunately, there is no trace.

The subjects of a portrait painter play a part more significant in the development of an artist than is commonly recognized. Perhaps it is not too much to infer that through the early recognition of his genius by these Jews, Stuart's great career was started, receiving that early impetus which often makes the point of demarcation between an indifferent success and a career of surpassing distinction. In this sense Gilbert Stuart and the world owe much to the Jews. In 1775, Stuart went abroad again, and after a short career in London, where he rivalled Reynolds and Gainsborough in popularity, a patriotic impulse to paint a portrait of Washington brought him back to this country. He worked in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and finally settled in Boston.

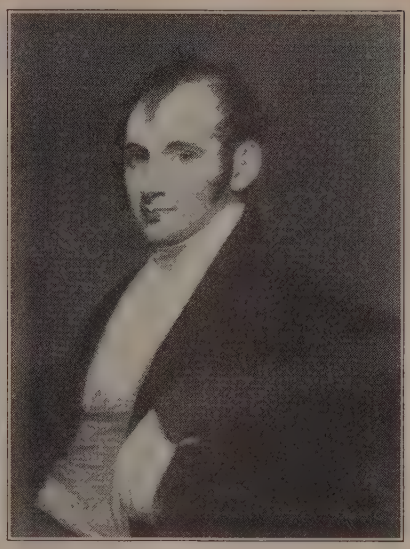
A portrait belonging to his early period is that of Jacob Rodriguez Rivera, 1717-1789, owned by Miss Rodman of Boston. Miss Rodman's great-grandfather Rodman lived in Newport where the Jews employed advanced business methods then unknown to other members of the community, and the young men who sought superior commercial training attached themselves to the Jewish merchants there. Mr. Rodman entered the employ of Jacob de Rivera, and admiring his character and personality asked him to sit for his portrait. The painting is that of a gentleman past middle life in a black coat, wearing a white stock collar and white lace cuffs. His right hand rests on the back of a draped chair and his left hand is tucked inside his coat. The face is very well drawn, showing a prominent nose and protruding lower lip. The artist with feeling and sincerity has reproduced the character and personality of the gentle gray-haired old man.

A typical Stuart is that of Abraham Touro, 1777-1822, the brother of the philanthropist Judah Touro of New Orleans and Boston, and son of Isaac Touro whose portrait Stuart painted from memory after Touro's death. The portrait, owned by Dr. I. M. Cline of New Orleans, is that of a very handsome young man, keen of visage, pleasing of expression; it cannot be surpassed for subtlety and charm. Mr. Touro, at the age of 40, while watching a parade in Boston, one day, met with a fatal accident.

His leg was crushed when he leaped from his chaise. In his will this young man, among other legacies, left $10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and $15,000 to the Synagogue at Newport, at which place his body is interred.

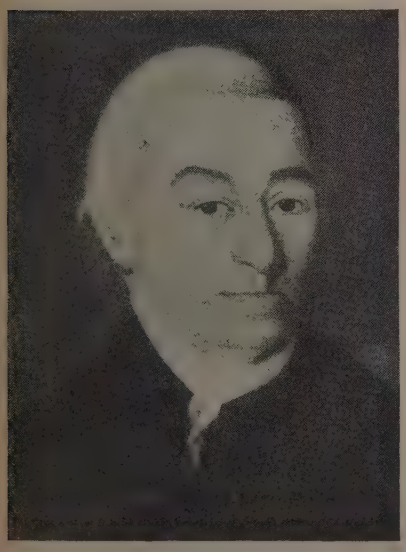
Another important Stuart is that of Samuel Myers, 1775-1836, the son of Myer Myers, a banker and the fore-

most New York silversmith of his day. Because of the political activities of the elder Myers, in behalf of the Revolutionists, the family was forced to flee to Connecticut upon the occupation of New York by the British. The Samuel Myers portrait was painted for him by Gilbert Stuart about 1810 when Myers was living in Richmond, Virginia, where he went after his marriage in 1796 to his second wife, Judith Hays, of Boston. The portrait is now owned by a great-granddaughter, Mrs. John Hill Morgan of New York City. Against a red background is limned the portrait of a distinguished looking man of middle age, his hair tinged with gray, wearing a black coat, white stock collar, and a lace ruffled shirt. His nose is aquiline, his mouth firm and small, and he has a large chin and forehead. The eyes, appraising, yet kindly, are indicative of a character that reached great heights both in commerce and in philanthropy.



Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Moses (Rachel Gratz).

There hangs in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the portrait of Colonel Isaac Franks, presented to him with this inscription, "Portrait of Mr. Isaac Franks presented to friend Isaac Franks as a token of regard by Gilbert Stuart, Germantown, October 1, 1802." The portrait was left to Samuel and Sara Franks, children of the Colonel, each by turn to have it for one year. The picture was afterwards sold by G. W. Huffnagel, son-in-law of Colonel Franks, to the late Henry C. Gibson who bequested it to the museum. Isaac Franks was a great patriot and officer in the Revolutionary Army. He was born in New York, May 27, 1759, and died in Philadelphia, March 4, 1822. It was in his house at Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, that President Washington resided during the prevalence of the yellow fever.



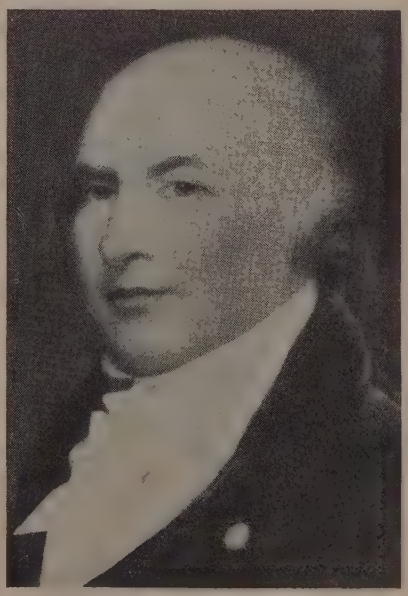
Jacob Rodriguez Rivera

The Gratz family, who were very prominent in colonial Philadelphia, are represented by Stuart in several striking canvases in the possession of Mr. Henry Joseph of Montreal. One of these is the portrait of Mrs. Michael Gratz, 1750-1808. Mrs. Gratz is shown with a dainty lace cap, worn by the mothers of that generation, a thin white fichu about her throat, and hands folded in matronly fashion. Common sense gleams from those clear eyes and intelligent countenance, a thoroughly practical and lovable character of dignity and calm, modelled with care and elegance.

A Stuart portrait of surpassing beauty is that of her daughter Rachel Gratz. It is almost impossible to set down in words the unusual charm of her face, with its expressive eyes and delicate features, the graceful sweep of her blonde curls, the contour of her neck and shoulders, all of which combine to make a portrait of surpassing loveliness.

Rachel's sister was the well-known Rebecca Gratz, immortalized not only in a miniature by Edward Greene Malbone, and in several paintings by Thomas Sully, but also in the portrayal of Rebecca, the Jewess, in Sir Walter Scott's great historical romance—"Ivanhoe." Rachel married Solomon Moses, also painted by Stuart, reared a large family, and died at the age of 40, in 1823.

The portrait of her husband was painted in 1806. Solomon Moses was no less handsome than his beautiful wife, Rachel Gratz; indeed, there are few Stuart portraits with which these do not favorably compare. In the refined oval of the face the glowing eyes, the chiselled nose, mouth, and chin, the absolute freedom and life quality of the pose is the quintessence of Stuart's art.



Colonel Isaac Franks

Nights in Paris

By ISRAEL COHEN

I

A Ghetto Restaurant

THE Paris Ghetto begins just where the long and fashionable Rue de Rivoli fades away into frowsiness. It starts abruptly from the Rue des Rosiers which, but for an occasional French accent that strikes the ear, might have been in Whitechapel, or off the Nalevki in Warsaw. Little grocery shops, with their exotic wares in dusty disarray, were still open and busy, though all other trading establishments in the neighborhood were long wrapped in darkness. The windows were cluttered up with white twisted loaves besprinkled with seed and elongated brown loaves, with little bags of rice and beans, bottles of olives, Palestine wine, and suspended sausages. The butchers' shops were adorned with the sprawling legend in Yiddish lettering: *"Strictly Kosher,"* whilst the booksellers displayed Yiddish books and newspapers from Warsaw and New York and gramophone records of famous cantors. The walls were plastered over with numerous posters in Yiddish, among which a notice announcing the performance of *The Dybbuk* in French stood out conspicuously in large, bold type. A boy rushed along calling out *"Pariser Haint!"*—a local replica of the popular Warsaw daily—and a pathetic Yiddish melody came floating from some open window aloft.

The last 10 years have witnessed the growth of a new Jewish colony in the French capital, consisting partly of refugees from the Bolshevist dispensation and partly of immigrants from Poland and other regions of Eastern Europe. The hospitality to foreigners that Paris has shown, as though out of gratitude, since so many distinguished foreigners assembled in her midst to make the Peace, outshines the tolerance that radiated from London until a quarter of a century ago; and so Oriental Jews even from such distant cities as Salonica and Smyrna, economically distressed and politically despairing, as well as Russian Jews who found the Anti-Semitic outbursts in Berlin and Munich little change from their former oppression, have migrated to the metropolis of gaiety and fashion. The establishment in its midst of the Comite des Delegations Juives, devoted to the furtherance of the civil and political interests of all the Jewries in Central and Eastern Europe, has doubtless also played its part in attracting Jews in search of a haven of refuge situated not too far away. Altogether, some 50,000 immigrant Jews are computed to have settled in Paris since the end of the war, including 5,000 from Salonica alone.

We entered a restaurant, whose windows and glass door shed a flood of light in the surrounding gloom. The interior presented a bright and homelike scene, the diners being engaged in an animated discussion, which was not confined to any one table but ranged freely from one table to another. Hardly a word of French was spoken, most of the conversation being carried on in Yiddish and in English with a strong American accent. Some young men, having apparently sated themselves with a good bourgeois dinner, were discussing the merits of Communism.

"It's a new religion," said one of them, with a projecting forelock and a gesticulating forefinger.

"A religion for *goyim* and *gazlonim*," retorted another, puffing a cigarette. "It's a plague and a curse."

At a neighboring table a prosperous looking American Jew was devouring a roast chicken in partnership with his buxom spouse.

A diversion was created by the entry of a fiddler, a hungry-looking fellow with a two days' growth of beard and a tartan muffler 'round his neck. He began to tune up, when one of the protagonists of Communism called out:

"No Yiddish tunes for us: they're too sad. We want opera."

"Opera?" exclaimed the swarthy proprietor. "Then I shall have to charge you extra, with a tax *de luxe*."

A guffaw of laughter burst from the young men. But the melancholy fiddler, anxious not to spoil the harmony of the scene, at once struck up an aria from "Bajazzo," to which the whole company paid silent and critical attention. The performance over, I called for our bill, which the waiter reckoned up first in Yiddish and then, rather haltingly, in French.

"Why repeat it in French?" I asked.

"Because I must improve my French, so I practice it on the Yiddish customers," he replied apologetically. "A year ago I was a bath attendant in Lemberg, but that was no *Tachliss*. And some day I hope to have my own restaurant on one of the grand boulevards. Then I shall be a real *Franzose*."

II

A Literary Evening

There was a Jewish literary gathering at a fashionable hall the following night, and I was advised that it was an event that one should not miss. It was a manifestation of the national cultural revival that has taken place in French Jewry since the war, a revival that forms a healthy reaction from the apathy and ossification that had seized upon such large sections of the native community. The Dreyfus affair, whilst firing many a sluggish soul with pride of race, drove thousands of timid children of Israel underground, and it was left for a later generation, consisting of younger and bolder men, to raise the flag of Judah aloft in the citadel of assimilation. The renaissance has been marked by a growing regard for religious traditions and by an intelligent cultivation of Jewish lore. It has been animated, if not dominated by the Zionist idea, and it has been furthered by a number of agencies working in fruitful collaboration—the influx of the Eastern European element with its strong Jewish consciousness, the rise of a number of writers who have devoted themselves to a sympathetic revelation of Israel's spiritual treasures, and the activity of the "Union Universelle de la Jeunesse Juive," commonly called the "U. U. J. J."

It was under the auspices of this last named organization, which has branches not only in France but also in the French-speaking countries of North Africa, as well as in Italy and the Balkans, that the literary gathering was held. There was a small charge for admission—the surest sign that the organizers felt confident of a satisfactory audience; and, indeed, the intellectual fare offered, fully warranted the charge. The program consisted of an address on Rachel and a symposium on Edmond Fleg's little book *"L'Enfant-Prophete,"* and it attracted as large and representative an

assembly as though it were an important social function. A vivid and critical account of the famous actress was given by the poet Ernst-Charles, who paid an eloquent tribute to the genius and the Jewish spirit of Rachel. Then came an interval during which the audience was invited to purchase copies of M. Fleg's book which was to form the theme of the symposium, and, as an additional inducement, there was the author himself, with a large black butterfly bow, willing to autograph any copy bought within that limited time.

The three speakers in the symposium were a Rabbinical aspirant, a Catholic writer, and M. Aime Palliere. *L'Enfant Prophete* is the poetically written story of a Jewish boy, who, brought up by parents indifferent to Judaism, is spasmodically attracted through his love for a Christian girl to Christianity, and then comes to learn of the teachings of his ancestral faith to which he is won over, though he experiences a mental conflict in reflecting on the purely religious and the national conceptions of Judaism presented to him in turn by a conventional Rabbi and a Zionist student.

Of the three addresses by far the most penetrating, the most illuminating, and the most elevating was that of Aime Palliere, that remarkable convert from Catholicism to Judaism, whom I saw for the first time. A lean, ascetic figure, with clean-shaven cheeks of waxen pallor, and thin sensuous lips which he closed tightly at the end of each sentence, he seemed to cast a spell over his audience as he discussed the main ideas in the book and described the torment which the Jewish soul in the maelstrom of the Western world underwent in its quest for a Jewish salvation. Having himself groped his way from the mystical intricacies of the Catholic Church to the luminous path of the Torah, and realized the necessity of Israel's national revival, he was able to depict more clearly and forcibly than either Catholic or Jew the peculiar spiritual problems of "the child prophet." And his hearers—half belonging to that section of Parisian Jewry whose interest in Jewish matters had almost become moribund, and half to the East European and Palestinian element—drank in his words with an avidity that was the sincerest form of flattery.

After the meeting my companion took me to a cafe in the Latin Quarter. We had scarcely been seated more than a few minutes, during which my companion pointed out some of the bizarre types among the medley of Bohemians of all ages gossiping and smoking amid the blare and jangle of the jazz band, than who should enter but M. Aime Palliere himself. My companion immediately rose and brought him to our table. I suppressed the instinctive question, how such a spiritually-minded man could be prompted to beguile his time in such a worldly haunt, as I reflected that even if he did not seek any diversion (and who was so ultra-human as to dispense with it?) he doubtless found here many a serious theme for contemplation and cogitation. I complimented him on his contribution to the evening's symposium, but he made light of the matter.

"I simply repeated, or recapitulated, the ideas that I have been expounding for so many years," he said. "*L'Enfant Prophete* was just the text of my discourse."

And then he spoke of his travels in various lands, in which he has addressed Jews from pulpit and platform on their spiritual heritage, warning them of the evils of assimilation, and exhorting them to be faithful to their traditions. He had recently been on a tour through the Jewish communities of Algeria and Tunis, and his advocacy of the Zionist cause among them had made such an impression that the leaders of the "Alliance Israelite Universelle," forgetting the original ideal underlying their own foundation, had been moved to express their displeasure. The Jews of Algeria and Tunis might become too Jewish!

We left the cafe together and had not walked more than a dozen yards than we came to a large bookshop with wide open doors. Whoever might think of Paris as wholly given up to pleasure at night must have received here a pleasant shock. We passed in: the long walls were lined with books on all subjects, and students old and young were browsing over them at leisure, the sympathetic shop-assistants making no attempt to coax a purchase. Presently I came across *Le Sanctuaire Inconnu*, and as I showed M. Palliere my acquisition the author's pride could not suppress a smile of gratification.

III

At a Music Hall

The following night, by way of a change, I was taken to a Jewish theater of varieties.

"Would you like to see Breitbart, the strong man?" asked my devoted guide.

"I thought that Breitbart was dead," I replied. "Didn't he die of poisoning by a rusty nail in Berlin some years ago?"

"That was Siegfried Breitbart, whose exploits as a strong man in Germany evoked the admiration of everybody, while it aroused the envy of the Anti-Semites. But here we have his younger brother, Joseph, who is said to be even more wonderful."

The theater was a rather simple establishment; a medium-sized hall with a stage, garishly decorated, and half-filled with a working-class audience, who munched sausage and bread or oranges to sustain them during the performance. The prevailing language, both on the stage and among the onlookers, was Yiddish, spoken with various accents ranging from the Lithuanian to the Bessarabian, and interspersed with occasional French idioms sadly mutilated. The first part of the program consisted of a revue, in which an Indian prince, magnificently attired, sang sentimental ditties with a Galician accent, and various comic characters exchanged humorous patter and danced fox-trots.

But the star of the evening was the strong man, Joseph Breitbart. He was a debonair young fellow, with laughing eyes, who came to the footlights in a costume reminiscent both of a Roman athlete and warrior—buskins on his legs and a gleaming helmet on his head. An impresario described his phenomenal physical gifts in Yiddish, French, English, and Russian, so that all members of the audience might understand, and the youthful Samson displayed his many golden teeth, which had doubtless replaced the ravages caused by his athletic feats.

He took some bars of iron, which he first dropped on to the stage, so that their resounding thud dispelled any suspicion of their genuineness, and then bent them with his hands into fanciful shapes as though they were of clay. He took a long iron rod, which he twisted and bent on his knee until he fashioned it into a "Shield of David," which he held up to the astonished enthusiasm of the public. Then, lying on his back, a small platform was placed across his breast, and on it stood three men holding in position a piano, on which a musician played the opening bars of "Hatikvah." Breitbart emerged from the ordeal apparently as unaffected as if a child had sat on his chest, and the rafters rang with repeated applause. But the most sensational feat was to follow. He lay with his bare back on a board studded with nails, whilst on his breast were placed three huge blocks of stone, on which two men struck alternately

with sledge-hammers. It seemed as though he would be pounded to pulp, but he lithely jumped to his feet, smiled with his golden teeth, and then, turning around, showed his back riddled with punctures but utterly free even from a spot of blood. The storm of applause reached its climax: never was a prima donna at the Opera rewarded with such a tumultuous and prolonged ovation.

IV

An Elder Statesman in Israel

In a secluded office in an upper floor of a building in the Avenue de la Grande Armee sits a little man, with a grizzled beard, peering through his spectacles at all the lands in which the Jews still suffer oppression or disabilities. Whether it is a brutal pogrom or an act of persecution disguised as an economic enactment, whether it is an anti-Semitic speech delivered in a Parliament or a menacing article published in a semi-official organ, he is immediately in possession of the facts and begins to deliberate what counter-measures should be taken to redress the evil done or prevent the impending wrong. He is always feeling the pulse of Israel and prescribing for its maladies, and he has certainly rendered great service, in a life-time devoted to the welfare of his people, in helping to alleviate its ills. He is the President of the "Comite des Delegations Juives," a body which he was instrumental in founding in the spring of 1919, when delegations from all the Jewish communities in Central and Eastern Europe came to Paris in order to take counsel together and make concerted representations to the Peace Conference on behalf of those Jews who were not yet emancipated or who had been transferred from the jurisdiction of one State to that of another. The movement represented the wish of the millions of Jews who had been oppressed before the War to formulate and advance their own demands, instead of entrusting them to the old-established organizations of Western Jewry which had hitherto figured as their protectors and champions; and at its head was Leon Motzkin, who, before the war, had played a doughty part in revealing and broadcasting the barbarities committed in "Darkest Russia."

I found him at his desk, poring over some reports on the latest outrages in Roumania. I was rather fortunate to meet him, for his movements are somewhat erratic and his absences from Paris somewhat frequent. Associated with all the big Jewish philanthropic organizations engaged in the regulation of Jewish emigration from the East to the West (bodies that are styled for convenience by eclectic abbreviations, such as "Emigdirekt" and "Hicem"), and likewise with non-Jewish organizations devoted to objects subserving Jewish interests, such as the Federation of the League of Nations Unions and the Congress of National Minorities, he is such a conscientious member of their various councils, committees, and subcommittees, that no meeting or conference is complete without him, and whether it be held in Berlin or Berne, in Vienna or Geneva, he is always there, ever active and vocal. Add to his activities in connection with these various bodies his duties and functions as Chairman of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization, over whose animated deliberations—often protracted into the small hours of the morning—he presides with the imperturbability of a Buddha and the alertness of a Speaker of the House of Commons (unlike whom he really is a speaker), and you will be able to form some idea not only of his indefatigable energy but also of the fact that his official engagements cover a great proportion of the calendar and cause him to flit from one city on the Continent to another.

His office is a clearing-house of intelligence on all Jewish questions of the day. Whether it is the *numerus clausus* or the *Staatenlose*, anti-Shechita legislation or Sunday closing regulations, restrictions on emigration or on immigration, colonization projects in Siberia or Peru; whether you wish to learn of the latest developments in Poland or Persia, in Hungary or Estonia, he can furnish you readily with reliable data, factual and statistical, docketed and documented. He conducts an extensive correspondence in various languages with many countries, he receives and reads the newspapers of a still larger number of territories, and his archives are a store-house of classified information on the political and social conditions of present day Jewry. He is, moreover, sought by every Jew from a foreign land who has a story to unfold either about his own sufferings or those of his people, like an Elder Statesman in Israel, and his waiting room always re-echoes with strange tongues.

After we had chatted for a while there was ushered in a cadaverous young man with a slight black beard, wearing the black blouse of a Russian student. He was a Zionist who had escaped from the torments of the Solovetski Island, whither he had been banished by the Soviet oligarchy for his devotion to the Jewish national idea. He told us of the privations that he and hundreds of his comrades had suffered in the gaols of Russia, of the inhuman treatment to which they had been subjected, of the persistent and tempting efforts to lure them from their faith, of the agony he had endured in his final place of captivity, and then of the cunning and daring of his escape. He paused now and again as though to conjure up the vision of the incidents he related, and when he had finished it was clear that he had much more to say than he had told us.

After the Russian refugee had gone, with a warm-hearted invitation to return the next morning, Mr. Motzkin glanced at his watch and brought our conversation to an end. "Quick," he said, "I have a meeting in 20 minutes, and it will take me all that time to get there. Where I am chairman the meeting must begin punctually."

V

Sabbath Eve at Synagogue

I had heard so much about the religious laxity of Parisian Jewry that when I wended my way to the synagogue in the Rue de la Victoire on Friday evening, I expected to find there only a handful of worshippers, consisting mainly of retired greybeards and American tourists. The bustle on the boulevards and the multifarious allurements of the gay city, to which the setting sun gave a roseate glow, seemed to smother any impulse to join a sacred ritual that was outwardly alien to its Western environment. All the greater, therefore, was my surprise when I found a concourse of men and women streaming into the house of prayer, many of them having come in private cars. The synagogue is disadvantageously situated, for owing to the narrowness of the street and the neighboring buildings, it is unable to impress you with its dignified and imposing fabric as it surely would in an open square.

In the spacious and lofty vestibule a beadle with the cocked hat of an admiral and the resplendent chain of a mayor paced to and fro with a charity box, which he offered to each arrival, a sign that here at least you were not expected to observe the orthodox rule of leaving your purse at home when going to meet the Sabbath bride.

Within, the synagogue, vast and lofty, presents a scene of ornate and overwhelming grandeur: with its tall

arble pillars, its galleries with vault- arches, its celestial cupola, its ained-glass rose-windows, and the illiant illumination of its towering ulti-branched candelabras, it is sug- stive, both in the magnitude of its oportions and the beauty of its de- gn, of a cathedral, but is without ıy of the gloom that depresses the terior of so many cathedrals. An ormous dais at the upper end, ap- oached by a series of easy steps, is cupied by the *Almemar* and, on a gher level, with the Ark of the Law, ıd on it are situated also the seats the Rabbinate. On the left, in eir pews, were the Chief Rabbi of aris and an assistant Rabbi, and on ıe right, in solitary dignity, the Chief abbi of France, with the red ribbon the Legion of Honour conspicuous n his long black soutane—all three earing round flattish hats like the rench priests. (In matters of assim- ation I have found in all my travels ıat no Jews are so assimilated as ıe Rabbis in their professional garb.) ut what astonished me more than nything was the size of the congre- ation, for there must have been more ıan a thousand people, the men oc- upying all the middle benches and the omen, dressed mostly in black, fill- ıg the galleries on either side of the round floor. A little army of uni- ormed beadles, in cocked hats and hains, strutted along the various isles, and the decorum was beyond eproach.

The service was intoned by a can- or, with a loud, resonant voice, whose ıelodious roulades filled the sanctu- ry, the responses coming from a choir erched in a lofty gallery facing the ark, but most of the congregation eemed content to leave the praying o the tuneful precantor. And after he recital of the *Kiddush* a Rabbi lowly descended from his elevated ew, advanced to the lectern at the iiddle of the balustrade which sur- ounded the *Almemar*, and delivered a ermon. He read it word for word rom a book in which his manuscript ras placed, or perhaps from the book tself, and he spoke on the portion of he week, *Parashath Shekolim*, ex- laining the purpose of the Shekel in ncient days, which was needed for the naintenance of the Temple.

"As we have no Temple nowadays," ıe discoursed, "the synagogue service s all the more necessary. If the Al- nighty should grant that the Temple ıe rebuilt, O what a thrill would course hrough the veins of all the faithful hildren of Israel, what gratitude they would feel, what happiness, what edi- fication, and how they would vie with one another in contributing towards its support and beautification."

He became almost dithyrambic as he read out this passage, scarce raising his eyes from the page. But although he had such a suitable text for des- canting on the work of Jewish revival that was progressing in Palestine, he did not refer to it by so much as a syllable. It might have been a sermon in the 17th century, or even the 7th. For this Rabbi apparently nothing had happened since the downfall of Judea except perhaps the erection of this magnificent sanctuary, in which he was concerned with the attachment only of his own particular flock. I wondered whether such a jejune discourse could secure their attachment or evoke in their breast even an ephemeral re- sponse.

As we streamed out into the vesti- bule, the air in which was as heavily charged with the pungent perfumes of the ladies as in the foyer of a theater, the beadles urged us to pass quickly— heedless of the traditional rule that one should leave the presence of God reluctantly and lingeringly. The wor- shippers were soon swallowed up in the cars that lined the narrow street or disappeared among the crowd, and within a few moments the huge iron gates were locked and bolted, and all was in darkness.

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Phil Baker

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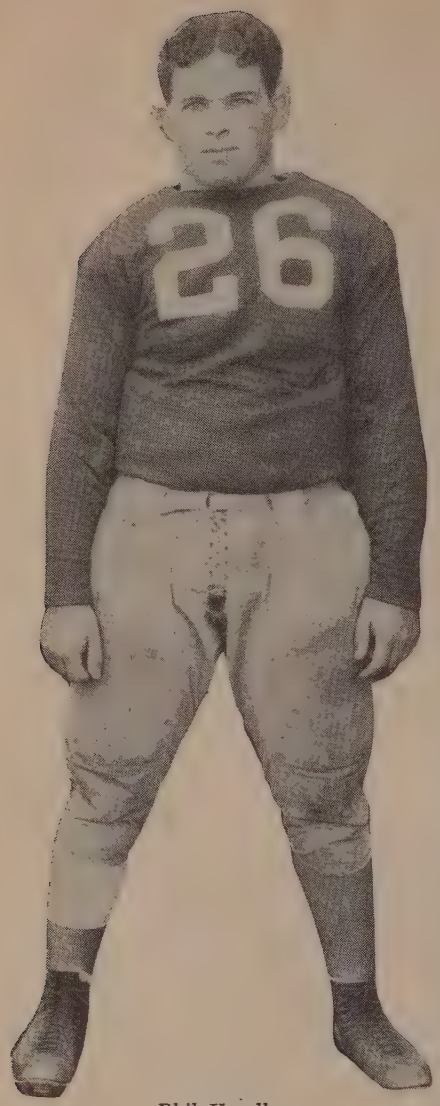
A CROSS-SECTIO



Phil Handler

JEWISH football stars are nothing to write home about as far as the East, North, Mid-West and Pacific Coast are concerned. But they are the exception rather than the rule in the South and more especially in Texas.

In all the history of football in the major university athletic organization known as the Southwest Conference, embracing the greater colleges of Texas and Arkansas, the Jewish lads who have won recognition on the gridiron can be counted on one hand: 1915, Abe Greines, Texas Christian University; all-State guard, now a prominent physician in Fort Worth, Tex.; 1921, Ed Bluestein, University of Texas, all-Southwest Conference tackle, now a civil engineer in the Highway Department of Texas; 1928, Harry Phillips, star guard of the University of Texas, now one of the coaches of the Texas School of Mines; 1929, Phil Handler, Texas Christian University, all-Southwest Conference Guard, called the "fastest big man" in football last year, now a regular guard of the Chicago Cardinals' professional football team.

Strangely enough, it is the Jewish parent, rather than the Gentile coach, who prevents the sons of Israel from winning fame in football in Texas. The former insists that his son enter the business field rather than "waste time" playing football. And the sons have followed this advise.

ZEKE HANDLER.

* * *

"IS Reform Judaism a Failure?" was the subject of an address by Dr. Julian Morgenstern, President of the Hebrew Union College, on the occasion of the 55th opening exercises of the College, October 4. Alfred M. Cohen, Chairman of the Board of Governors, welcomed the faculty, students, and others in the audience.

The conflict within Jewish ranks is between Universalism or Reform Judaism on the one hand and Particularism, Nationalism, or Zionism, on the other, Dr. Morgenstern said. Emphasizing the fact that he is a non-Zionist and not an anti-Zionist, he declared himself in opposition to three things in Zionist theory: first, Zionism's "gratuitous assumption that without a distinctive Jewish life and Jewish cultural center in Palestine, Judaism the world over is doomed to spiritual destruction, if not to eventual complete disappearance"; second, Zionism's dogma that Jews not in Palestine are in exile; and third, Zion's "tendency to set the people of Israel in the place of God in Jewish thought and aspiration."

"Very opportunely might we ask, is Zionism a failure? Yet I would not ask it. Or, if I did, I would answer with an emphatic no, just as emphatic as I would declare before all the world that Reform Judaism, too, is not a failure. Each represents a natural, necessary, timely, historic evolution within Judaism.

"We are standing on the threshold of a new era in Judaism. The time has come for clear, unprejudiced, and unpartisan thinking and acting, for facing facts squarely, for envisioning a world-Israel, partly in Palestine, but chiefly outside of Palestine, a united world-Israel, arising triumphant above misleading catchwords and slogans and blinding passions and unreasoning pa tisanship, to true understanding a vision."

* * *

DR. GERSON B. LEVI, Rabbi Temple Isaiah Israel, Chicag and editor of the *Reform Advocat* delivered the address at the inaugur tion of the ninth academic year of th Jewish Institute of Religion in Ne York City, October 8. The studen body, including the nine new studen who were chosen from a group of mo than 70 applicants, were welcomed b Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the President.

"It is a task to make a people co scious of itself," declared Dr. Lev "Religion is leaf and blossom and fru of a people, and its seeds must b turned back to the soil of a people A people must project all of this int the future and must make of its co lective wisdom a call to new achieve ment, and that is the sign of youth As long as we have the blessing o youth with us, we project a past int a future. The past is for us to re member, but the future for us to mol and to fashion even as a potter fash ions his clay. Old Israel may hav dreams and reminiscences, and ma even have libraries, but young Israe must have visions. Ancient Israel ha a wonderful literature, but young Israel, every generation of him must bring new achievement, and strengthen the line of continuity. That is why the Jewish Ministry is t make men and women live upon a higher level."

* * *

DR. IRA M. FREEMAN, Chicago, has recently returned from Frankfort-am-Main, Germany, where he was sent two years ago as an Austauschstudent from the University of Chicago. Dr. Freeman continued his research along physical-astronomical lines, and also worked out several new problems to satisfactory conclusions. While in Berlin, he had a personal interview with Albert Einstein.

* * *

ON the basis of data gathered up to 1927, the total Jewish population of the world is estimated at 15,050,000. The same estimate places the Jewish population of the United States at 4,228,000, with 1,765,000 in New York City. These figures are given in the latest volume of the American Jewish Year Book, just published.

F JEWISH LIFE

EADERS in business, industry, and civic life joined in the last rites or Daniel Guggenheim, distinguished hilanthropist, mining magnate, and nancier, who died at his Long Island ome at the age of 74. His career as inseparably linked with the devel- pment of the mining industry in this ountry, particularly copper.

Capitalist that he was, Mr. Guggen- eim was nevertheless a whole-hearted dvocate of workers' welfare and al- ays approved of trade unionism. His umerous philanthropies, many of hich were anonymous, were princi- ally directed toward the support of opular appreciation of classical usic, and the development of avia- ion. He established the famous aniel and Florence Guggenheim oundation to promote "through haritable and benevolent activities he welfare of mankind." He was lso a trustee of Temple Emanu-El, ew York City.

* * *

THE inferiority of the Jew is a miserable superstition, a damn- ble lie," was the emphatic way the ev. John Haynes Holmes put it in n interview printed in the New York *elegram* recently. "On the part of he Gentile you have bitterness and atred and a despicable lack of intelli- ence. On the part of the Jew you ave often a cringing inferiority, hich is pitiable and to be deplored; ut in the Jew you haven't the psycho- ogical attitude of bitterness and hate, esulting from discrimination, that ou might reasonably expect. I think he New York Jew, on the whole, bears he burden of discrimination admir- bly."

Dr. Holmes is pastor of Community Church, New York, and a nationally- famous liberal.

* * *

A LARGE audience was present at the dedication of a new $100,000 ewish Educational Center in St. Paul, Minn. The building will serve as a enter of St. Paul's Jewish educational nd cultural work, social activities, hysical training, and philanthropic nd communal activities.

* * *

AL JOLSON'S "Jazz Singer" may have been a hit in the United States, but it is considered a menace n Constantinople because it contains Jewish religious propaganda." The overnment banned it.

AS a result of anti-Semitic agitation in the press, riots raged in Prague recently which resulted in the destruction of property valued at 500,000 kronen, half belonging to Jews. Foreign Minister Benes told the Jewish Telegraphic Agency that it would be a mistake to consider the disturbances as anti-Semitic, and that anti-Semitism has no chance of success in Czecho-Slovakia. Nevertheless, he said the government had taken immediate and energetic measures to re-establish order.

* * *

BOSTON, Newark, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg will be included in a Yiddish theatrical circuit to be organized this autumn, according to a resolution adopted by the Hebrew Actors' Union at its meeting in New York. A theatrical troupe will play four weeks in each city, where several troupes will play in rotation, according to present plans.

* * *

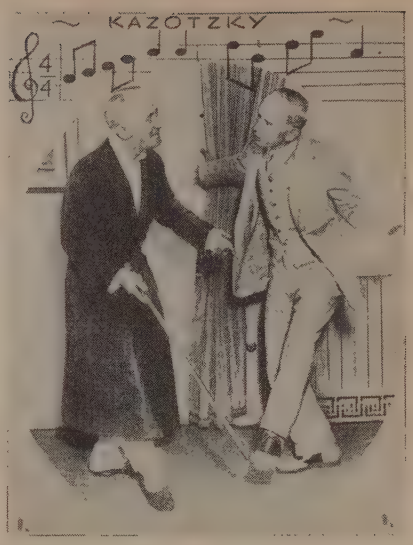
ANTI-SEMITISM in a virulent form broke loose in Berlin recently at a strangely ironic time. While a huge mass meeting of the Union of Jewish Frontier Soldiers was being held in one part of the city to protest against the general anti-Semitism conditions in the country, thousands of members of the National Socialist party attacked Jews in the streets and seriously injured at least one.

* * *

IN the decade 1920-1930 Jewish immigrants numbering 345,477 arrived in the United States, according to Hias. About four-fifths of this number, or 275,000, arrived here during the first four years, before the 1924 immigration law of the United States went into effect.

* * *

FIRST Lieutenant Samuel Rabin, Coast Artillery Corps, in command of the U. S. Mine Planter, *Col. Geo. F. Harrison*, was highly complimented in an official communication from Brigadier General C. E. Kilbourne of the U. S. Army, for the part the young Jewish officer played in the rescue of the steamer *Nstra Sra. del Carmen* last July. At the risk of their lives, Lieut. Rabin and his crew braved rain and storm to save the crew of the ill-fated steamer, and not one life was lost.



Harry Hershfield, famous cartoonist, is learning to do fancy steps. His teacher is none other than George M. Cohan (left). The latter will be a bright light at the birthday testimonial dinner which friends of Hershfield are to tender him.

AFTER two bitter years of imprisonment for a crime of which he was absolutely innocent, Philip Halsmann, young Latvian Jew, has been released, as the last official act of the outgoing Austrian cabinet. The Halsmann case has rivalled the Dreyfus case in recent years as an example of injustice caused by anti-Semitism. Halsmann's release was accompanied by a full pardon.

In the summer of 1928 Philip and his father, a wealthy Latvian dentist, were in the Tyrol Mountains on an excursion. The father fell into a deep ravine and was killed. Chiefly on the evidence of a Tyrolean shepherd boy, Philip Halsmann was found guilty of murder and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Many traced this judgment to anti-Semitism in the Innsbruck jury which tried him.

A second trial was obtained, Halsmann was again found guilty, but sentenced to only four years' imprisonment. More than 50,000 signatures, including that of Albert Einstein, and other world-famous persons, were affixed to a petition for his pardon.

Now, not satisfied, young Halsmann plans to obtain a retrial in order to rectify a miscarriage of justice.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the protest of Rabbi Abram Simon, the Freiburg Passion Play is to be presented in Washington, D. C., for a week beginning October 27.

WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....

EDWARD CHAUNCEY BALDWIN, professor of English literature at the University of Illinois, takes a great delight in pointing out to his fellow-Christians their misconceptions about Jews. Prof. Baldwin further has a profound interest in things Jewish, having been largely instrumental in the establishment of the first B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation—the one at his own university. Now he submits the following contribution for this page:

"The Hebrew Advantage—A Christian's Appreciation, by Charles Hall Perry, an article appearing in the October issue of *Scribner's,* is one that every thoughtful Jew and Christian should enjoy, because it represents a change in the Christian attitude toward the Jew from one of grudging tolerance to that of generous respect. The writer, a Christian clergyman, expresses a full recognition of the incalculable debt owed by Christianity to Judaism. 'We have,' he says, 'received the gifts of Israel—their marvelous evolution of spiritual concepts—the victories of their crucifixions.'

"The appearance in popular journals of such articles as this is highly significant as indicating the mutual approach to a better understanding between the two most vital religions of our modern world, even though the spokesmen for neither as yet fully understand the other. Even so intelligent a writer as Mr. Perry is betrayed into making some generalizations about Judaism which are unintentionally misleading. At the very beginning, for example, he says 'Christianity is dynamic. Judaism is static.' Again he says, 'the principles which made Israel great . . . have not been adapted, reformed, or improved.' Such an assertion is, of course, quite indefensible. Because Judaism never acquired a theology, it did not (as Christianity at one time seemed in danger of doing) harden into a body of doctrinal beliefs the intellectual acceptance of which became obligatory. Consequently Judaism has remained fluid, and to an amazing degree adaptable to changing conditions. The only creed Israel ever had was the faith expressed in the *sh'ma,* and the belief that righteousness is salvation."

* * *

FELIX Salten, the celebrated Austrian Jewish novelist and playwright, tells an amusing but not uncommon experience he had in connection with the ignorance of a Jew about his own people. This appears in an interview by Joseph Brainin in a recent issue of *The Ivri,* published in Johannesburg, South Africa.

"Are the Jews of Germany more race-conscious than before the war?" Mr. Brainin asked.

"The German Jew knows less about religion than ever before," replied the author. "I have a friend, a very important personage, who became converted to Christianity. I never asked him why. But my silence must have irritated him, for one evening he told me, abruptly: 'I became converted because of conviction.' I remained silent. He continued: 'Show me the command "Love thy neighbor as thyself" in the Old Testament, and I will admit that I made a mistake.' I remained silent, but opened the Bible at the 19th chapter of Leviticus, verse 18, and showed him those very words. My friend said nothing, nor did he return to Judaism."

All we can say is that Mr. Salten should have taken a picture of his friend's face gazing at the famous 19th chapter.

* * *

WITH the Jewish press in this country shuddering almost unanimously at Herr Hitler's big gains in the recent German elections, it is a welcome relief to come across an editorial in the *Wisconsin Jewish Chronicle* which says, in effect, "Tut, tut!"

"Regardless of the madness of Hitler and his foolish cohorts we still believe the German people are sane and will retain their sanity in their present difficulties," says the editorial, and goes on to call attention to the fact that anti-Semitism was far from being the chief plank in Herr Hitler's platform; repudiation of the Versailles treaty, jobs for the proletariat, and the nationalization of industry being much more important.

"We are certain that before Mr. Hitler could even get started formulating a railroad schedule to get all the Jews out of Germany, his head would be found at the bottom of that same guillotine he has promised to build for the benefit of his political enemies."

* * *

DID you ever hear of the "Subbotniki"? They are a sect of Russian peasants living in California who have embraced Judaism. Albert Parry tells all about them in an October issue of the *American Hebrew.*

Subbotniki means Sabbath-people. In Russia, because they refused to eat bacon, worship icons, and accept the Greek Orthodox priests, they were exiled. There are about 40 families of them in Los Angeles, but none boasts of knowing Hebrew. Some of them regret that they settled in California instead of Palestine.

* * *

"THERE is a comfortable theory commonly advanced, that persecution strengthens the vitality of a people and adds to its stamina," states Dr. A. L. Sachar in his notable and absorbing "History of the Jews," recently published. "This theory finds no application in medieval Jewish history. Since the crusades, breadth of view was impossible in physical and mental isolation. As centuries passed Jews lost their resiliency of mind and their power of judgment."

As though continuing this very thought, but giving it a fresh twist, Arthur Schnitzler, the great Jewish Viennese author, in a J. T. A. syndicated article recently, writes:

"Persecution, fortunately has died out. Its legitimate offspring is anti-Semitism. And this anti-Semitism, I say, is serving a very useful purpose in constantly reminding the Jew that he is, after all, very individual; that he is, after all, very different from his Christian neighbor; that his only salvation in this world is to recognize this difference and to openly acknowledge it. Anti-Semitism, I feel, is constantly serving the healthy purpose of bringing into the heart of every Jew, far more forcefully than any other influence I know of at the present moment, a patriotism for his race, and a love for his brother-Jews.

"Strange to say, anti-Semitism is an evil which gives fruit to good. For never are we Jews more truly conscious of our race as when we realize that we are hated."

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

A Child's Life

By CHAIM NACHMAN BIALIK

Translated from the Hebrew by Aaron Frankel

HOW many summer and winter seasons passed since my father's household left for the adjoining town to reside in one of its suburbs, is beyond my recollection. I was then a tiny infant frolicking around in the village. It seems to me I was then barely five years old, and what chronology, if any, is stored up in the mind of an infant? Certainly, Creation must not have changed its course in my native village; a season passed, another season came, and the world went on regularly, as usual. But that first primeval world, unique, exotic, and wonderful, which I took along with me when leaving the village, and which still abides with me, and is enshrined by itself in one of the innermost recesses of my heart—that world never knew any winter or autumn. The village of those days to my clear perception was made up of one solid aggregate of pure summer. Summerlike were the skies above, and summerlike was the earth beneath. Summerlike were also the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the universe; and even dear little Feigele, my only playmate and chum of the village, she, too, was thoroughly summerlike.

I knew of but one iron winter day, one solid block of ice and snow, that looked cruel and mean like a highway robber, hatchet in hand, ready to strike his victim. Near it lay in mud, like a loathsome carcass, a dismal rainy day, rotten and mouldy, dripping away in decay. But all these are just side things—mere dross. The true, real, and pure world that expands from the shrubbery around our little house till the green wood at the end of the village, as far as the eye can see—this world was thoroughly summerlike.

On this canvas, made up of azure blue of the sky and the green of grass, appear to me all the sights of the world in those early days. Wonderful sights, light and bright like the pure tiny clouds. They consist partly of riddles and partly of dreams. Yet there is nothing so clear, true, and real as they are. To me they are cardinal sights, fundamental forms, a Divine gift, which the gracious God has bestowed upon me, because of my tender age and my heart yearnings: seeing how helpless and handicapped

Chaim Nachman Bialik

I was. A tiny mite, all alone in this world, I was left to my fate; I was unable then to even name a thing or ask for anything, and I had no one to waken my spirit, to speak to me, or to be spoken to. No soul to care for me, or to visit me. All alone, like a small orphan bird, I went astray around my nest. My father and my mother forsook me, and no one took pity on me. But God, in the abundance of His kindness, took me under the shelter of His wings, and let me sit silently at the foot of His stool and play softly with the fringes of His garment and with the hem of His robe. In the daytime, He ordered His invisible angels to entertain me with dreams and elicit a smile from my lips, while no one saw; and at night time He sent His fairies to serenade me in the moonlight and banish my fright, while no one else heard. God, who has made them, seeing and invisible, surrounded me with them. He placed them in every sombre nook and in every dark hole, to pleasantly overawe me, and solemnly amaze me. God's invisible hand has strewn my paths with wonders, and planted riddles everywhere I looked. Any pebble or any chip of wood was an enigma to me, and every hole, chink, and cranny contained for me some world mystery. How comes a spark to stay in the cold inanimate stone, and who has placed these mute shadows on the walls? Who piles up heaps of fire, yonder on the sky line, and who entangles the moon in the thickets of the wood? Whither do these caravans of clouds go, and the wind in the field—whom does it pursue? Why do I feel so happy and gay in morning hours, and why does my heart feel so heavy at the approach of evening? Why does the water of the rivulet weep silently, and why does my heart go out to it? I was surrounded by wonders. They baffled me, overwhelmed me, and swept me entirely off my feet. There was no escape from them. They broadened my outlook and deepened my thought, enabling me to read mysteries into phenomena unravelled and revealed, and intricacies and complexities into things common and plain.

As soon as I open my two little soul-windows, my eyes, I behold Divine apparitions, which begin streaming toward me from the four corners of the earth, although I never summoned them. At times they emerge from the depths of the abyss, and their likeness is as of those phantoms revealed in a dream or reflected in the crystal-pure waters of a lake—silent inarticulate apparitions without words and speech. Nay, there is some speech, but quite a unique one: voiceless and soundless. It is some wonderful fleeting speech, devoid of voice, yet extant and effective. Not through my ears, but through another channel, secretive and unknown, it reaches my soul. Thus do the heart throbs and sweet looks of a mother reach the unconscious babe in the cradle when she hovers over it.

At times, these apparitions come through some fragmentary sounds and their combinations. Many and various are the sounds in the infinite space, and innumerable are their shapes and forms. Who can tell their meaning, and who can fathom their deep significance? There are day sounds and night sounds, bold and shy, powerful and feeble, protracted and abrupt. There is the cry of one drowning, yonder at the end of the world, and there is the agonized moaning of one wounded, perhaps mortally, by highway men in the forest. To me, they were as blithe spirits, couriers of the

Almighty and His messengers, who travel on the wings of the wind, hither and thither, fly like bullets from one hiding place to another, emerge momentarily, disappear suddenly, and there is no one to tell whither and whence, and no eye to behold them. At times I heard the stillness and saw the sounds. For my senses knew no bounds or demarcations; and one invaded the province of the other. Sound involved sight, and sight involved sound, and the sense of smell involved both of them. I was then entirely devoid of any sense of proportion: the little hillock in the field I took for the biggest of mountains, the small pond for the ocean, and the village boundary for the end of the world.

It is rightly asserted that but once in a lifetime—in childhood— a person is possessed of true sight and insight. The first sights, in their virgin state, as formed by the Creator, are the real genuine things in their very essence; those that follow them are but their second defective editions. They are just the shadows of the first, but not their true selves. I have learnt it from my own experience; all the phenomena of heaven and earth that were of great delight and pleasure to me in my life had their motive power in first sight. I happened to see the beautiful skies of Italy with their fascinating azure. My feet also stood on the Alps of Switzerland. While seeing and enjoying, I wondered, when had I seen such fascinating azure blue before; and where else had I beheld such tremendously huge mountains. Whenever I gaze at a beautiful sunrise or sunset, I think of a still more beautiful sunrise or sunset I saw before. And when passing by the green of a field, there appears before my eyes that fresh green grass I saw in the village of childhood. That grass, as it stands before my mind's eye, was half dipped in crystal-clear water, surrounded by beautiful sweet-smelling flowers, which projected their yellow moist heads from amidst the hedge, and tears, like pearls, shimmered in their eyes.

After leaving the village for our new destination—I was then about five years old—the lustre of the world became somewhat obscure to me. In our new surroundings, in the suburb of the town, I had to face the onrush of a prosaic, tumultuous life, the typical life of a Jewish town with its hustle and bustle and their evil sequences. But the more noisy and boisterous the masses of people around me were, the more I drew into my shell, and the less were the joys of my heart and its delights. The stupid *Melamdim* (teachers) into whose hands I fell, banished from me all my childhood visions with their straps and austere looks. The first, divine apparitions were no longer revealed to me, but found me in solitude, away from the bustle of the day and the tutelage of my *Melamdim*. From behind a fence, where they kept it hiding, they would revive my spirit from time to time, restore my visions, and rejuvenate them. They appeared for a moment and then disappeared. Their appearance was as sudden as their disappearance, and vice versa. The splendor of those wonderful days flows slowly in my heart, drop by drop, as some delicious elixir. My childhood world is being revealed to me in the course of years but by inches. Suddenly, out of the air, emerge fragmentary apparitions and abrupt sounds of bygone days: some distant skyline in its pristine purity, a black fragrant strip of fertile land in the beginning of spring—some primeval soil that has just emerged from a cold snow blanket, and whose body is still shivering. A solitary isolated hut in a deserted cucumber field. A sunset setting aflame the sky borders. A call of the wild. A bird's moaning shriek at night. The moon hanging on top of a chimney. A holiday *Minyan* in father's house, where terrified children break in with the cry: wolves, wolves! whereupon, Jews wearing *Talaithim*, immediately climb the roof and, facing the forest and the wolves, shout with a bearish growl: "A-Ha! A-Ha!" Suddenly, behold, Feigele is here! Here she is. She is hiding there behind the old oak tree, and peering forth for a moment, calls: "Cookoo!"

But in the sweet moments of a Divine inspiration, when the heart becomes full as a cluster of ripe grapes, and sentiments of mercy and loving-kindness spontaneously well up, I have just to shut my eyes for one brief moment and there is revealed to me, as if in dazzling lightning, all the paths of my life from their very beginning, surrounded by a halo of purity and clarity, making them transparent from one end to the other.

In such a moment, my native village appears to me suddenly, and presents itself in its original charm, grace and lustre. Some mysterious, fiery hand emerges swiftly and hands me the very essence of my childhood—a summary of days and years—folded in a tiny case of an eye-blink. Eye to eye I behold again all the habitats of my early life and the abodes of my tender childhood. I see them in their full setting. They and their environment and all therein, small and great, nothing lacking, appear simultaneously. And again I feel the taste of first sight.

From some solitary, marshy and muddy region of Vohlynia, surrounded by endless forests and thickets, emerges before me my native village with its days and nights, Sabbaths and holidays, and the seasons of the year 'round. It still appears in the original form God gave it: small, tranquil, and modest. It is still standing on the same spot assigned to it since the days of Creation, partly on level ground, and partly in the vale below. Hidden in the shadows of trees and bushes, surrounded by gardens and fields, it is still bearing with dignified composure the heavy burden of its long and well-deserved existence. Nothing has changed there, and not a thing is missing. The very same mud huts and small log cabins, which were scattered on hill and dale like a herd of frightened sheep; the very same silent wood that beckons to me from afar, from behind the village with its cooling shades; the very same green hill crouching just across my father's house like a terrifying gluttonous beast of prey on the roadside, and swallowing up daily, at twilight, a complete round loaf of gold—the setting sun. The very same pond beside the hill that looks like a shining mirror, in which the ducks indulge in all sorts of pranks, turning somersaults now and then; the very same trails that wriggle like snakes through fields and vacant lots and are being lost with eternal yearnings in some far away and unknown distance.

Silently, as in a dream, all the seasons of the year array themselves before me: Sabbath and week-days, summer and winter, gay and happy days, and dreary and gloomy ones—they and their fragments, scraps and bits, things and their contrasts—all joined together without any one having lost its identity. Every season with its specific light, every day with its specific color. And all of them are fused into one solid whole called my native village.

Young spring days verdant with white buds and fresh soft green grass are bordering with trepidation and joy on the incoming summer with its sultry gold-laden days. And amidst them in silent grief are being extin-

guished on their smouldering embers the melancholy twilights of the autumn season and the purple borders of the sky in winter. For a moment, the first clear white snow flurry dazzles me, hovering softly and tranquilly in the drowsy air. It sticks to my eyelashes and refreshes my heart with its salubriating coolness. It is just a small particle of a whole winter that was left in the store of my recollections. The greatest part of that winter faded from memory, and I do not remember the rest. For me the winter was lost, without having left any impress on my heart or soul.

Likewise, I cannot trace the beginning and end of a violent tornado in which I was caught one sultry day on on the trail of the hill, between the tall grasses, on my way home. The tornado wrought havoc and destruction. The skies became cloudy, and pitch darkness prevailed. The forest roared, trees were uprooted and the grass of the hill clung tremblingly to the ground. Columns of dust were raised, and thatched roofs flew in the air. And before I had time to look around, I felt myself flying in the air. On my life, I was flying! The mighty storm got hold of me, lifted me like a feather, and carried me down below the hill and over the hedge which surrounds our house. How came I, or how was I brought to father's house, I cannot remember. As to the thrill I experienced, I shall not even attempt to describe. It is beyond human feelings and imagination.

At times when I begin reasoning, I say to myself: Never! the village portrayed in my imagination never existed at all. Neither it, nor the forest, nor the fairies, nor Feigele. They are not and they never were. All these are just legends and myths, products of dreams and reveries, that grow like wild plants, to which a grain of truth is added, in order to make them sweet and pleasant to children. At any rate, I continue my rationalistic argumentation; there must be garbled facts, distorted chronology, and mutilated versions. And generally, imagination is fiction, and cannot be depended on for veracity and truth.

Let it be so! Yet my perfect faith in the absolute reality of this sort of fiction is not shaken in the very least. This kind of fiction has meant everything to me. It has become inveterate in my very soul; it exists in my very flesh and in the marrow of my bones. The finger of God has inscribed it on the tablets of my life, and who dares to efface it? If such is the stuff that dreams are made of, then there is nothing truer and more real than they are. As wine contained in the grape, so they endure in the heart of man all his lifelong days. Age just adds to their lustre and brilliance, and the older they become the sweeter and stronger they get. For surely there is no sweeter nor stronger wine than the legend of our childhood! One drop of it is sufficient to intoxicate our heart, drive us mad, and unbalance us completely! Therefore, blessed be the name of that good angel of ours who lets us have just one small drop of this wondrous cup. And very rarely so. For one superfluous drop, or too much of a dose is apt to put any one to Euthanasia.

And I am quite certain that when the visitation of all men is visited on me, then in the closing hour of my life my childhood apparitions will emerge from their concealment and array themselves before me in one group. They will all come and reappear in their original charm, grace, and lustre, just exactly as they were shown to me in my early days. Clear and bright will they appear, and look at me silently. Suddenly, the light of Creation will radiate from them, and together with my own light they will become extinct forever.

JEWISH CALENDAR
5691
1930-1931

Rosh Hashonah	Tues., Sept. 23
	Weds., Sept. 24
Fast of Gedaliah	Thurs., Sept. 25
Yom Kippur	Thurs., Oct. 2
Succoth	Tues., Oct. 7
	Weds., Oct. 8
Shemini Azereth	Tues., Oct. 14
Simchas Torah	Weds., Oct. 15
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan	Thurs., Oct. 23
Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Fri., Nov. 21
1st Day Chanukkah	Mon., Dec. 15
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Sun., Dec. 21
Fast of Tebeth	Tues., Dec. 30
1931	
Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Mon., Jan. 19
Chamisha O'ser B'Shevat	Mon., Feb. 2
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Weds., Feb. 18
Fast of Esther	Mon., Mar. 2
Purim	Tues., Mar. 3
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Thurs., Mar. 19
1st Day of Pessach	Thurs., Apr. 2
8th Day of Pessach	Thurs., Apr. 9
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Sat., Apr. 18
Lag B'Omer	Tues., May 5
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Sun., May 17
Shavuoth	Fri., May 22
	Sat., May 23

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.
**Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.*

Among Our Contributors

HANNAH R. LONDON is a writer and lecturer on art subjects. A graduate of Radcliffe College, she was formerly assistant to Frank W. Bayley, of the Copley Gallery.

LOUIS MINSKY is a writer for the Anglo-Jewish press, and a student of conditions in Europe as they affect the Jews. He is also a correspondent for several Jewish papers in London.

ISADORE LHEVINNE is the author of two novels, "The Leper Ship" and "Ariadne."

LEON SPITZ, Rabbi of the Hoboken (N. J.) Jewish Center, has been specializing of late in research among Jewish historical activity in America. He is the author of "The Bible Jews and Judaism in American Poetry" and "Memoirs of a Camp Rabbi."

ISRAEL COHEN, former political secretary of the World Zionist Organization, is a prolific writer on subjects of current interest to Jews, and the author of several books.

CHAIM NACHMAN BIALIK is a leader in the renaissance of the Hebrew language in modern times. He lives today in Palestine, where he is revered by many as the greatest living poet writing in Hebrew. He recently became a member of B'nai B'rith. AARON FRANKEL, the translator of Bialik's article in this issue, is a Hebrew writer himself, and an educator, living in Brooklyn.

ISRAEL AUERBACH is a professor living in Berlin. He is a close observer of literary and political events in Europe.

DAVID EWEN, a writer for the Anglo-Jewish press of this country, has recently returned from a European ramble, during which he interviewed Jewish celebrities in many cities. He specializes in writing about Jews famous for their musical accomplishments. His article recently in the Jewish press about the Passion Play presented at Oberammergau, of which he was a witness, created quite a stir.

DR. KURT GRUNWALD lives in Palestine. He is the Honorary Consul of Jugo-Slavia for Palestine.

Books By Jews--Books About Jews

By DR. ISRAEL AUERBACH

THE fact that there exists a Jewish history, a history which encompasses all Jewish settlements throughout the world and one which is as universal as the history of all humanity, this fact has become for us a reality. The great masterpieces of our Graetz and Dubnow have made this possible. However, that we should ever be able to speak about a history of Jewish literature in an equally broad sense, a history of Jewish literature which, written by Jews, shall encompass all countries and shall speak in all languages of the earth and yet be a manifestation of the very same Jewish soul everywhere, this appears still to be highly problematical.

Quite the same is the situation in the realm of Jewish art. Nevertheless, we have recently been enriched by the first effort to give at least a sketch, an epitome, of the history of Jewish art. For this pioneer attempt thanks are due to the Heine-Bund (Heine Society), which has shown that in addition to supplying a great want as a Jewish book-group, it represents a great and creative cultural force as well. Its last book is entitled "Die Juden in der Kunst" (The Jews in Art) and was written by the learned custodian of the Jewish Museum in Berlin, Karl Schwartz. The author himself points out that his undertaking is necessarily fragmentary and summary, and that it was prepared in a decidedly limited time. Nevertheless, his lively and clever presentation offers a fascinating picture with a thousand stimulating suggestions to further study and added thought. The text is embellished by the numerous and well-chosen illustrations. They render this book not only the most beautiful thus far published by the Heine-Bund but also one of the finest Jewish books of our time (Welt-Verlag, Berlin).

Hardly less interesting is the book published by the Heine-Bund previous to this one, "Das Land zwischen Orient and Okzident" (The Land Between the Orient and the Occident) by Dr. Markus Ehrenpreis. The gifted author hails originally from Galicia, has lived in Bulgaria for a decade, held office in Stockholm, and is well versed and able to write in all cultured languages. This book was translated by Ehrenpreis himself. A preface by Alfonse Packet explains its cultural significance.

This description of the journey of a modern Benjamin of Tudela, who sets out in order to find the brethren of his people who had been long lost in Spain, and to find the cities of a long lost past, does not possess that "novel objectivity" with which an Egon Erwin Kisch would unfold before us new worlds. Ehrenpreis's journey is less an outer than an inner view, rather a personal experience and evaluation than an objective presentation. A historically vibrating soul rejoices in the reminiscences of a past Jewish greatness and beauty, but also of tremendous Jewish suffering. Thirty-five beautiful illustrations accompany the reader on this journey (Welt-Verlag, Berlin).

This book will probably arouse great interest in Jewish Spain and create a better understanding and greater appreciation for yet another book about Spain, a book of an altogether different, more serious, and more scientific type, which has recently been published by the Academy for Jewish Learning (Akademie fuer die Wissenschaft des Judenthums): "Die Juden im christlichen Spanien" (The Jews in Christian Spain) by Dr. Fritz Baer. Under the auspices of the Academy, the author undertook two trips to the Iberian peninsula and brought back a tremendous amount of original source-material hitherto quite unknown. These "finds" illumine in a remarkable manner the collective life of the Jews in the Christian parts of Spain: their legal position, the inner life and development of their communities, their religious and national traditions, their economic history, their great personalities, the share of their physicians and financiers in the government of the states and their foreign policies, the religious disputations, their forced apostacy and inevitable return to Judaism, finally the bloody story of their persecution by the Inquisition. The original documents have been translated into German and are accompanied with explanatory notes so that this book represents not only a fundamental and authentic source for historical research but also a fascinating panorama of the past for the layman (Akademie-Verlag, Berlin).

We are led to holy ground by the great master of biographical writing, Emil Ludwig, in his "Menschensohn" (The Son of Man). He is the second Jew after Georg Brandes who has tackled the sensitive and dangerous problem of passing final judgment and giving a complete picture of Jesus. The question of the validity of this picture need not be discussed here, but our surprise must be expressed over the fact that Ludwig, who emphatically asserts his adherence to his race in the first line of his book, is nevertheless so thoroughly influenced by the anti-Jewish spirit of the gospels that he accepts and elaborates their inimical conceptions of the Pharisees and Judas as well as their description of the trial and crucifixion (proved to be historically impossible). Unlike his method in the case of his other biographies, Ludwig forsook the path of sound research and relied entirely upon the testimony of the Church and the Disciples. It is for this reason that while he fascinates us with his book he can never, never convince us (Ernst Rowohlt Verlag, Berlin).

In an entirely different way are we impressed with the excellent Biblical epic, "Richter und Narr" (Judge and Fool) by Altalenas (pseudonym of Vladimir Jabotinsky). Based on the Samson legend it is a highly successful effort of a writer of quality, supported by conscientious historical research, to reproduce the atmosphere of the remote period in our past of 3,000 years ago. It is true that under Jabotinsky's pen the life and tragedy of Samson lose the monumental naivete of the Biblical myth but they acquire instead of this a human deepness and psychological comprehensibility. The author employs the symbolism of antiquity as a vehicle of expression for modern phenomena. Whether his double parallel between Jew or Philistine and Jewish or non-Jewish Europeans is acceptable, we doubt very much. The manner in which Samson is interposed between these two elements also seems rather strange. He is made to appear much more in accord with the violent nature of Esau rather than with the mild and spiritual qualities of Jacob; his affection belongs always to the Philistines and not to his own tribe which he, at the same time, champions and embodies. Finally, it is to be observed that the riddle of the unexplained, incompatible, and irreconcilable duality of "Judge"

d "Fool" is left unsolved. However, these negative features of the work e atoned for by the greatness of its st, the profundity of its conceptions d the percussive force of its style. ıe book is the best Biblical novel by y Jew that we know of (Verlag eyer und Jessen, Munich).

Works such as these, far from ranging us from the Biblical orig-al, bring us much nearer to it. Thus is with an added delight that we ke up the masterpiece of translation Buber and Rosenzweig of the Book Judges (Richter) recently published 'erlag Lambert Schneider, Berlin). ıe can always repeat about this lossal book what has so often been ated; gigantic in its creative power d awesome in its richness of human ıotions. This rendition, however, ouses more astonishment than love. ıe language is often more than ar-tic; word and sentence structure are, many places, too elaborate. This rman Bible is perhaps more foreign d more Asiatic than the Hebrew.

A short but fascinating book en-led "Habima, Hebraisches Teater" 'erlag Heinrich Keller, Berlin) de-ribes the language, the gestures, the irit and the life of the men who make what the "Habima" stands for; the story of their strivings and their hievements. The author is a non-wish journalist, the art critic of the 'rankfurter Zeitung," Bernhard Die-ld. More eloquently than the author mself speak the 32 illustrations, ıotographs of the artists in their ief roles.

The same task has been performed r the benefit of the Granowsky Stage the book entitled "Das Moskauer idische Akademische Teater" (Verlag ie Schmiede, Berlin). The photo-aphs illustrating this book represent, compliance with Soviet principles, ly group and scene pictures. Several thors have written the words for ese pictures, Ernst Toller, Joseph oth and Alfons Goldschmidt. The ost complete are those of Roth's, but e many clever things he can say for is troupe would be more effectively id were Mr. Roth not prejudiced ainst the Habima and its Hebrew.

This book as well as the first one at was discussed, leads us to the land Russia upon which Granowsky and s theater were reared. The "Habima" ople, just as Altalena—Jabotinsky—ve grown out of the soil of Russia. he realm so rich in cultural move-ents, in originality, in creativeness, revealed before us in another pub-ation of the Heine-Bund called, "Der Letzte Waldjude" (The Last Forest Jew) by Opatoschu. This author is entirely unknown in Germany, was brought up in Poland and now resides in America. He writes in Yiddish, the language of the Granowsky theater. His book is ample evidence of the fact that this language is fully adaptable not only to the drama and the literary stage but also to a great epic such as would be a credit to any literature in the world. This book of the forest-Jew is an excellent mirror of Eastern culture. It unfolds before us new worlds; that of mystical Chassidism and the tense, rich-soiled world of the Polish peasant. Out of these two emerges the curious realm of the forest-Jew; a "terra incognita" which has lived and now become extinct, so near to us yet without our having even dreamed of its existence. This remarkable triad of worlds is masterfully encompassed and laid before us by the author. We are drawn into it breathless and overawed. The men who people it stir and agitate us. We witness, with emotion, the crumbling of the mighty Chassidic experiment, the success of which could have resulted in a tremendous upheaval of human spirituality. Toward the end of the story the author himself seems to become exhausted; weighed down by the leaden heaviness of the self-experienced fate he has been describing, and the life-like clearness of the story is obscured by mystic intoxications and vague chimeras. Yet the powerful impression lingers. We shall watch this imaginative writer, Opatoschu. And thanks are due to the publisher (Welt-Verlag, Berlin) for discovering him as well as for the excellent and fluent translation.

Another talented writer from the East, Joseph Kessel, is the product of four civilizations. First, of Judaism, his race; of Russia, his native land; of South America, where he lived for years; and of France, in whose language he writes and has achieved fame. Two of his works won prizes: "Die blinden Herrscher" (The Blind Rulers) and "Die Rote Steppe" (The Red Steppes). The first became known in Germany through its picturization and dramatization under the title "Rasputin." The book is distinguished by its accurate application of historical facts and the masterful presentation of the true character and actions of the "holy devil" and his environment. "The Red Steppes" describes the confusion and terrors of the first year of Bolshevism as seen by one who is a non-Bolshevik. Kessel's one-sidedness and even injustice do not diminish the overwhelming power of the picture. A passionate "ethos" of powerlessness—which we might call Jewish—connects both books and fashions them into one great indictment of the abuse of power by either Right or Left, Czarist or Bolshevik.

Next we consider another greater and more influential spirit who also stands between the Right and the Left; a great German-Jewish figure who now appears not as author but as the object of an important publication. It is the great industrialist and philosopher, writer and statesman, dreamer and doer, Rathenau. Harry Graf Kessler's biography: "Walter Rathenau, sein Leben und sein Werk" (Walter Rathenau, His Life and Work) is positively the most profound of all biographies that have been written of this fascinating and enigmatical personality. Over and above all things written before, must be pointed out the consummation of the Jew in Rathenau which Kessler defines as the quintessence of this remarkable individual and the source of all his tragic experiences. Since his early childhood, Rathenau had suffered from inferiority complexes due to his being a Jew. The inordinate increase of these complexes, their satisfaction and their supposed elimination have dominated his entire spiritual and intellectual development, the choice of his profession, his adjustment to his people, state, and society, the style and taste of his writings, the directions of his philosophy of life and ethical ideals, his political career, his genius and his folly, his rise and his fall. In this light Rathenau stands before us as the exponent of a period in the history of Jewry which has fortunately passed, and serves as a warning to our rising generation. This book by a Christian about a Jew, a book as circumspect and unprejudiced as it is sincere and enjoyable, is a book which should be read by every Jew who would understand himself and his time (Verlagsanstalt H. Klemm, Berlin).

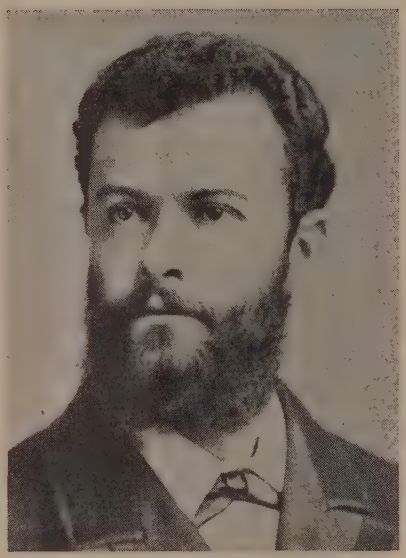
At the end of this birds-eye view of books the Jewish Lexicon, the second volume of which was recently published, must not be forgotten. This volume is as rich in content and value as was the first. It answers a thousand questions and will captivate everyone with its beautiful text and pictures. With this volume the first half of the great work is brought to completion; the whole will be an inexhaustible treasure trove of information concerning all strata of Jewish life and will enrich the Jewish laity tremendously (Juedischer Verlag, Berlin).

England's Foremost Composer

By DAVID EWEN

RECENTLY there gathered into London all of the foremost musicians of England to do homage to one of their number. Every one of consequence had come to this celebration, because it was given in honor of one of the most precious musicians England boasts of today. Sir Georg Henschel, a Jew, the son of a German cantor—whom more than one composer at this celebration has termed to be the greatest living musician of our time in England—well deserves all the honor and glory that has now come to him. He has lived to a ripe, old age—and it has been as ripe in achievement as well as in years. His musicianship is without equal, his talents are as varied as they are profound, his artistry is without a blemish. And his versatility is staggering, especially in our age of minute specialization. For as a singer, he has held in former years the enviable reputation of having been a tenor of considerable talent, gifted with an interpretative genius possessed only by the elect few, and with a voice in which there flowed only milk and honey. Who does not know of the reputation Sir Georg held many years ago as the leading interpreter of Schubert's songs in the world? As an orchestral conductor there are few who have gone beyond him. As the first leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he immediately set for it a lofty standard from which, fortunately, it has not yet digressed. And that profound impresion which he made with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was considerably strengthened in later years when he conducted the London Symphony Orchestra and the orchestra in Glasgow, Scotland.

Nor do Sir Georg's achievements end here. He has also been blessed with a gifted literary pen and what he has written about music and musicians has fascinated all those of us who are deeply interested in music. His *Reminiscences of Brahms* and his *Musings and Memories of a Musician*, in which he tells us in considerable detail about himself, are written with charm and good-taste and few there are who will not be interested from cover to cover. . . . Finally, Sir Georg Henschel is a composer of great proportions. He has been blessed with a



Sir Georg Henschl

lyrical gift which sings in every bar of music he has ever composed; his technique is omnipotent. A freshness breathes through his music like a gust of a Spring breeze. Such works as his "Requiem"—as poignant and heart-piercing a piece of music as we have in our time—his lucid String Quartet, one or two of his operas must always be numbered among the outstanding achievements of our time.

This, then, surely is a musician without many an equal! Can you understand now why all of England's foremost musicians rose as one man to do him honor on the occasion of his 80th birthday?

* * *

ALTHOUGH Sir Georg Henschel is 80 years old, he neither looks, acts nor feels his heavy age. His skin is clear and red, his eyes are bright and full of life, he talks with a fire and an enthusiasm which speak of youth rather than of old age. The casual acquaintance would surely believe that this man is not older than 50, that he has just entered upon the prime of life. And just as he looks young so does he feel. Sir Henschel told me that his activities are now as varied and his work as weighty today as they were 40 years ago. He is in the midst of composing a new symphonic work which he hopes to complete before the end of the Summer; perhaps another book of reminiscenc will leave his pen—but of this h speaks only vaguely; and there is his mind the idea of coming to Ame ica to guest-conduct the Boston Syn phony Orchestra for a few speci concerts. The Boston Symphony O chestra is now celebrating its 50t birthday and it has invited its fir conductor to come to America to pa take of the celebration. It seems th neither the distance nor his age te rify Sir Henschel. When I spoke t him he was convinced that he woul come. He said he felt young an healthy, that he wanted to see Ame ica once again and to raise his bato for a last time over that marvelou symphonic ensemble that he himsel created. "Yes, you can tell you countrymen that I'll be there," h said to me with a smile. "I'm lookin forward to the event with great pleas ure. And perhaps on my way ove I'll compose a little something i their honor, who knows?" And thi at 80! What a man!

He was born, not in London as s many believe, but in Breslau, Germany in 1850. His life from the first wa consecrated to music and to musi alone. From 1867 until 1870 he studie in the Leipzig Conservatory of Musi and it was here that he revealed th first bright and unmistakable glimmer of genius. He sang with such a purit of voice, he learned his lessons wit such a whirlwind rapidity, and he com posed with so sure a pen that his teach ers took notice of him from the first an devoted their energies towards bringin his latent gifts into the sunlight. The succeeded—and he graduated with th highest honors that it is possible fo any student to possess.

For a few years he taught music i Germany, then in 1879 he received a attractive offer from England. The Royal College of Music at London of fered him an attractive post as full professor. Would he accept? Henschel never secure financially, saw in this, a last, full financial security. He would be able to devote his full mind towards composing. . . . He accepted the offer immediately.

There are some who, when they attain financial stability, can work no further—they rot and stagnate intellectually. Others, however, can work a step towards a higher and greater goal.

this latter class was Henschel. aching, to be sure, was a pleasant ation and it supported him su- bly. But Henschel had greater ions than this, greater aspirations. turned to conducting. His success nost from the first was phenomenal; performed with such originality and shness that soon all of England was aking of him. Therefore when, in 81, the Boston Symphony Orchestra America sought its first conductor appealed to Henschel to come across ocean. The choice was a happy one. e Boston Symphony Orchestra was begin its career on the peak. . . .

His career as orchestral conductor ntinued and prospered as the years ssed on. For three years he led the ston Symphony, then for four ars he was in charge of the Lon- n Symphony Orchestra and, finally, devoted himself to the founding d the developing of the Glasgow mphony Orchestra in Scotland. And t until he felt that he had brought at orchestra unto a high eminence d he resign.

Still Henschel was not satisfied th himself. True, he was already a ger of considerable talent; true, had become a professor of music own throughout all of England; ue, he was a conductor of such nius that he was spoken of with awe d admiration on both sides of the lantic. But all this, to Henschel, as hollow glory. After all, the vir- oso takes his work with him to the ave. He may give his audiences a w happy hours—but what does he ave posterity but an empty reputa- n? Moreover, something in Hen- hel's heart desired self-expression in e artistic form of which he was aster. He wanted to compose. First quartet left his pen, then a few ngs, then a short orchestral excerpt. hen an opera blunderingly came in- being. And then the great teacher, nger, conductor, had become likewise e great composer.

And in 1914, in recognition of all e had done to further the cause of nglish music, King George V knight- l Georg Henschel. He was now offi- ally acclaimed to be England's fore- ost musician. But there had been ne to doubt this—even long before e kneeled in front of King George.

SIR GEORG HENSCHEL is the only English composer who, to my knowledge, shows no derivative influences. Shadows hover over the works of Holst, Vaughan Williams, Edward Elgar — but Henschel's music is unique and individual. For one thing, Henschel has never attempted to follow in the footsteps of modernists; nor has he, like Vaughan Williams, tried to ape those who went before him. He tried to do nothing more than to compose whatever was in his heart — and in doing this he has achieved some of the most beautiful music today created in England.

As already mentioned, two of the outstanding characteristics of Henschel's music are their complete mastery over all technique and their lyrical strain. But there are other attributes, too. For one thing, Henschel's music is palpitantly dramatic. But the most important characteristic of all, in Henschel's music, is that he is vitally nationalistic. He has succeeded in creating what I believe to be the first and only truly nationalistic *English* operas that we have today. *Frederic the Friar*, to take only a solitary example, is unmistakably English in temperament, in emotional quality, in its hard and clear-cut beauty. It speaks unmistakably of something that is in the heart of every Englishman and of something, I am sure, by which every true Englishman must recognize himself.

"How can I speak about the Jew in music or about American music or about anything musical?" he said to me. "I am not a critic of music. I just try to create beautiful things—whether I do it with my pen in my composition or whether I do it with baton or voice. A critic is something else again. Why should I try to impress you as being something I am not?"

Such words, I think, speak more effectively of the personality of Sir Georg Henschel than can weighty paragraphs and long eulogies. It speaks of his honest sincerity, of his real simplicity of character, of his musical integrity. It clearly tells us how this man would never descend from a standard he had set for himself, nor would he do anything which he felt was not worthy of him. It clearly proves to us that he would not compose anything which is not in his heart. Such a man is Sir Georg Henschel.

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At the Boundaries of Palestine

By DR. KURT GRUNWALD

Honorary Consul of Jugo-Slavia for Palestine

Baalbek, general view of the acropolis, with Mt. Lebanon in the background.

I. Where Once Dwelt Gods

THE highway which leads from the Levantine seaport of Beirut to the metropolis of Damascus sends a branch off into the plain between Lebanon and Antilebanon. The road is rough and the car struggles on with difficulty, but the miles over which our Studebaker passes are old highways of armies. Over this road marched the ancient hordes of Assyrians and Babylonians, of Egyptians, of the Jews into Exile and home again, of the soldiers of Salah-ed-din and of Timur Lenk.

Near the watershed between Leontes and Orontes, on a plateau of three thousand feet, the races have built for their gods a residence, and for themselves a mighty memorial, which was to outlast the gods and the centuries—Baalbek.

* * *

PUT out of countenance, astounded, shaken and oppressed by this terrible magnitude, you feel so small, so very small. With this feeling you seek a first comprehensive view of the extensive area of the acropolis, the gods' citadel of ancient Heliopolis. Your glance passes from the propylaea over the basilika to the Temple of Bacchus and the heaven-aspiring columns of the Temple of Jupiter.

* * *

"Monumentum exegi."

HISTORY has here assembled and united organically fragments of architecture which make a chronicle of the world's history. On the ruins of the old Assyrian Balbiki, one of the chief cultural sites of Baal, the Romans built a colony. King Solomon—so runs the legend—built the vast acropolis, the name of which we also find in the Mishnah. Thither Augustus led Roman colonists. Antoninus Pius began the erection of the magnificent sanctuary which was completed by Caracalla almost a hundred years later. Jupiter, Bacchus, Venus, and Mercury here had their cult. But after only one century Theodosius destroyed the mighty Temple of Jupiter, the columns of which still are the beacon of Baalbek, and built a church before its facade. The Arabs used the acropolis as a citadel, and many Moorish elements in the architecture are reminiscent of this period.

* * *

THE six columns of the Temple of Jupiter, the last remnants of a tremenous building, tower to a height of sixty feet. Even the ruins convey an impression of giganticness. The diameter of the prostrate columns more than equals the height of a man, and the problem has not yet been solved by what means such enormous buildings were erected without the aid of modern mechanics. The columns of the Temple of Bacchus stand more than fifty feet high. It is well preserved. To such dimensions as these do all the ruins testify—almost every fragment a splendid specimen of

The last columns of the Temple of Jupiter, Baalbek.

Palace of Asad Pasha.

antique architecture. So also is th Temple of Venus, to one side of th acropolis, which is probably one the most charming buildings of th Corinthian order, the predomina architectural style in Heliopolis.

* * *

THE snow-covered peaks of Leb non gleam silver-white in the su light and give background to th ruins of one of the most glorio pieces of human handicraft. Th races who built it have vanished, eve the gods have vanished to whom the built it. Olympus has fallen.

Heroic greatness and majestic cal rest upon the place where once th gods dwelt. And but a few mil away, thousands of hands are stirrin to build up again the home of th ancient people that has outlived a the races and their gods.

II. Damascus

THERE are many large cities whos population consists largely o Arabs, but none of them so bears th imprint of an Arabian metropolis a does Damascus. That is the chief im pression the city gives. In Cairo, i Jerusalem, the tourist type is prom inent; here in Damascus it is los among the crowd. The life is Arabian uninfluenced by the European goverr ment, and the existence of a stree railway. The latter has even adopte Arabian customs and provides sepa rate cars for women. Arabian ar the hotels, the cooking, the music; w feel ourselves here in the midst o a homogeneous culture.

* * *

THE buildings of Damascus ar beautiful as in a fairy tale, bu they are all overshadowed by the pal ace of Asad Pasha. The locale of th tales of the "Thousand and On

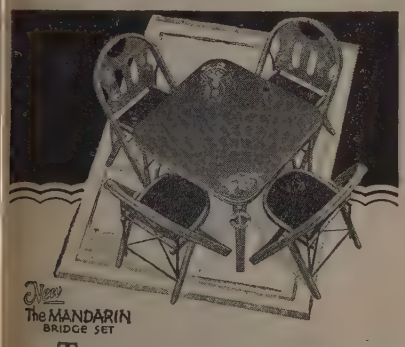
Nights" seems to have become a tangible reality. Nobility of line, grandeur of design, mosaic color effects all unite in an overwhelming symphony of beauty.

Among the wonders of the city are its bazaars, famed of old. Broad streets, arched by enormous domes. A thousand noises roar around you, and you are swallowed up in the crowd as if by the waves of a surging ocean. You walk for hours, admiring the thousandfold wonders of the Orient which the merchants spread out before you. They call to you in French, English, German, all the languages, beseeching you to look. No, no, by no means buy anything!

Among the countless small shops, I am struck by one, the owner of which, in spite of his fez, differs from his neighbors in the expression of his face. I approach, contemplate his wares and ask, more instinctively than consciously, instead of "Combien?" "Kama?" "Ata meerez Israel," was his happy question in reply. The environment no longer seems foreign to me. I had a refuge among the roaring turmoil of the crowds. I heard about the small congregation of Jews, which has existed here since the days of David, about its old synagogues, about worries concerning the Hebrew instruction. He sent me in charge of his brother to the ghetto. Narrow, crooked, dirty streets, through which our car could scarcely make progress, cut across the ghetto, dirty old houses betray the poverty within. We regret having taken our way hither. But our little guide will not give up and leads us into a house. As soon as we passed through the arched gateway, the ghetto vanished.

A splendid courtyard receives us, the walls of purest arabesque design, a fountain splashing in the dark. We are led farther into a dark room. Suddenly a crystal chandelier lights up and its radiance is reflected from all sides. It is a splendid marble hall, lined with mirrors, an Arabian Versailles. The hall is filled with articles of chased copper and silver, and art in which the Damascene Jews are masters. We admire how such an art came into being.

With gratitude we bade adieu to our little guide. "Shalom Beerez Israel," he called after us. Then we went home in the auto through Galilee.



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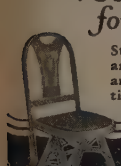

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A RARE TREAT

awaits readers of the B'nai B'rith Magazine. The December issue will carry a penetrating article on

ANTI-SEMITISM, THE DISEASE AND ITS CURE

By Max Hunterberg

the distinguished publicist, who has spent a life-time studying and fighting this venomous malady.

Abraham Cronbach

Professor of Social Studies, Hebrew Union College, is the author of an equally interesting and important article, "The Rabbinate and Social Betterment."

Mme. Lawrence Levy-Bloch

a Jewish artiste of Paris, and her work, are described by the urbane writer, Jacques Bielinky.

OTHER ARTICLES

too numerous to mention, but all worthy of mention did space permit, will help

THE DECEMBER ISSUE TO END THE YEAR RIGHT!

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Immortal Perez Peers Into the Future

By OSCAR LEONARD

FIFTEEN years have gone by since I. L. Perez has gone from us. He, the creator of a new way and new forms in Yiddish literature, the inspirer of Jewish youth, the lover of his people, the servant of Israel, died while our war raged. He had lived long enough to see the beginnings of Jewish suffering. He closed his eyes when his heart broke in the service of Jewish refugees who were coming by the ten thousands to Warsaw.

He was a dreamer and a prophet, was the immortal Perez. A lover of freedom, he foresaw that in freedom's name crimes may be committed. Much as he hated czarism, as a Jew and as a man, he feared the revolution not because he had earthly goods to lose but because there was something much more precious at stake.

Recently came to light a letter he had written to a revolutionist friend in days when the revolution in Russia was the hope and aspiration of all lovers of liberty. It was the hope for a new world. That hope touched his tender heart but it carried forebodings with it. In his inimitable manner Perez expresses his hopes and fears to his friend. How truly he spoke and how prophetic he was!

The words of Perez are a human document which should be given to those who do not read Yiddish. These words deserve lodgment in the annals of liberal thinking. While experience cannot be taught by preachment and must be achieved, still one always hopes that mankind may learn somehow. Here is the fragment of the letter as it appeared in "Die Woch," the Yiddish weekly published in New York:

"My heart is with you.

"My eye feasts on your flaming flag. My ear bends eagerly to your mighty song.

"My heart is with you. Man must have plenty and he must have light . . . and he must be free . . . be his own master . . . and master of his labor.

"When you bite the fist which tries to suppress your free word, to shove it back into your throat so it will not be heard . . . I rejoice. I pray to God that he may sharpen your teeth. When you march upon Sodom determined to destroy it my soul goes with you. The certainty that you must conquer gives me warmth and intoxicates me like old wine. . . .

"And yet . . . And yet I fear you . . . I fear the oppressed who are victors. They may become oppressors, and every oppressor transgresses against the human spirit. . . .

"Are you not going to spread your wings over the commonplace? Are you not going to implant indifference and protect the gray herd?

* * *

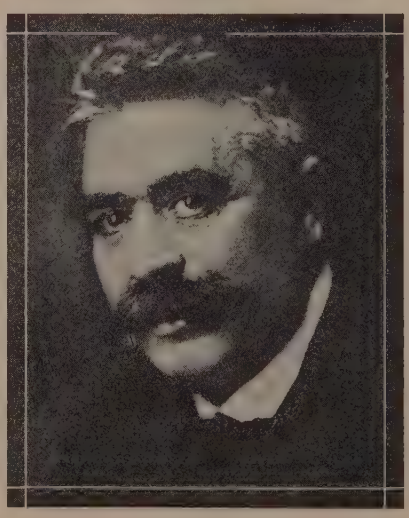
"I fear you.

"As conquerors you may become the bureaucracy; apportion each his bite of bread, like doles for the poor, assign for each his work like stints in a prison house. You will suppress the creator of new worlds—the free human will—and stem the deep and pure well—springs of human happiness—human initiative—the power which sets one against thousands, against nations, against generations. . . . You will machinize life and command it to be spent in barracks.

"And busy you will be with reglemantation . . . with writing down . . . recording . . . estimating . . . figuring . . . how fast and how deep may the human pulse beat . . . how far the human eye may see . . . how much his ear may hear . . . and what dreams the yearning human heart may have. . . .

* * *

"With joyful heart I watch you tearing down the walls of Sodom. But my heart trembles lest you fail to build something new on its ruins or build perhaps something worse, colder and darker. . . .



I. L. Perez

"There will be no empty stomachs but souls will hunger. . . . No weeping will be heard . . . but the eagle—the human spirit—will stand at the trough together with the cow and ox. . . .

"And justice, who will have accompanied you to the thorny and bloody path of victory, will desert you and you will take note, for to such things conquerors and rulers are ever blind and you shall be conquerors and rulers. And you will sink into the mire of injustice without feeling the abyss under your feet. . . . Strong feels every ruler as long as he rules. . . .

"And prisons you will build for those who will stretch forth their hands to point the abyss to which you would stray. And you will tear out the tongue of him who will warn you against those who are to destroy you for your iniquity. . . .

"With terror you will defend the equality of the herd upon pastures and for grazing. Your foes shall be the individuals, the superman, genial inventors, prophets, saviors, poets, and artists. . . .

* * *

"Everything which happens must happen in time and space. . . .

"Space is represented by what is, what has happened, the static, the solid and durable; the cemented, the frozen, today, which will and must disappear. . . .

"Time means change, evolution . . . eternal germination, budding, blossoming, the eternal tomorrow. . . .

"And when your tomorrow will become today you will become defenders of yesterday, defenders of the lifeless, the dead. . . . You will trample the sprouts of the morrow and destroy its flowers and you will pour cold water upon the heads of prophets and destroy dreams and hopes. . . .

"Today does not wish to die and in crimson each sun goes down.

"I desire, I need your victory, but I fear, I tremble for your conquest. . . .

"You are my hope and you are my fear."

THE PRINTED PAGE

A WORK OF ART

History of the Jews, by Abram Leon Sachar (Knopf) $5.

In writing a history, one does not merely string facts and events as they come along on the thread of time. One must select and interpret. This is true of extensive and significantly so of condensed treatises.

A historian cannot and ought not to be a mere chronicler of events. (Even a chronicler of events is not entirely objective.) A historian may be compared to a photographer. His subjects are people and epochs, his camera his pen, and he the artist. His work must be a reproduction of his subject and setting. Nevertheless, he uses personal taste in determining the position and the background as well as the light and shade of the picture. A good photographer does not ignore these elements. He regulates and masters them so that they will bring out the salient features of the periods or personalities which he surveys.

Dr. A. L. Sachar's one-volume history of the Jews is unquestionably such a work of art. That he was superbly successful, one can see by comparing the book with those volumes which it will undoubtedly supersede. A similar volume on Jewish history by Drs. Marx and Margolies represents the work of chroniclers. It is a cold compilation of facts and events. The facts and events seem to be discreet and unrelated to universal currents and creeds. On the other hand, we have a history of the Jews as delineated by Lewis Browne in his "Stranger Than Fiction." This is not a photograph but a highly impressionistic portrait. It is dominated by the strongly biased readings and reactions of the writer. Mr. Browne veered to an extreme opposite to that of Drs. Marx and Margolies.

Dr. Sachar, however, has chartered his course along the *via media*. Being a thorough student, he maintains a high regard for historic facts. He takes cognizance and is heedful of the latest researches and discoveries that bear on the subject. Yet, his account is far from being dry and uninteresting.

He does embellish his account, it is true. For example, he seems to know that the taskmaster whom Moses killed was ignorant, and that the sum which Saul paid to the clairvoyant for the information which led to the recovery of his father's lost asses was exactly one-quarter shekel. However, he does it moderately and without doing violence to his own as well as to the reader's historic sense. These slight embellishments and elucidative comparisons serve to make his account readable and understandable and yet on the whole authentic. In this way he succeeded in making his book a dramatic and dynamic account of a people that lived and continue to live.

B. H.

* * *

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Tale of a Vanished Land, by Harry E. Burroughs (Houghton Mifflin) $3.50.

In an obscure part of the hinterland of Russia (now Poland) there stood before the war a tiny and primitive village named Kashoffka. Today there remains not one trace of it, and those of its inhabitants who do not lie in unmarked graves are scattered throughout the civilized world.

One of them, who left Russia as a lad of 14, Harry E. Burroughs, came to Boston, where he rose from newsboy to wealthy attorney. Last year he gave a total of $300,000 for a newsboys' center in Boston. In many reminiscences he spoke among his friends of his childhood in old Russia, and they finally urged him to write this book.

It is well worth the trouble. Here, in simple, unadorned but clear style, Mr. Burroughs has set down from first hand experience a picture of a specific village that is gone and forgotten. But it is not forgotten to him or to his *landsleute*, nor yet to those who lived in similar places years ago. A little village of about a hundred families, half Jewish, and half Russian peasants—that was Kashoffka. Their crude and primitive existence, their old world customs, their village characters, their day by day life, their superstitions, religions, beliefs, and way of living—these seem unreal and charming to an American, who can hardly conceive of them.

The Russian and Austrian armies wiped Kashoffka off the map in 1917, but Mr. Burroughs has put it back.

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

* * *

COMING EVENTS CAST SHADOWS

This Pure Young Man, by Irving Fineman (Longmans, Green) $2.

THREE famous critics selected "This Pure Young Man" from among thousands of submitted manuscripts, and awarded it the Longman's, Green First Novel prize of $7,500. Aside from all the attendant hullabaloo, it is a very fine and beautiful and absorbing novel. But its chief interest to followers of literature concerning things Jewish is its undeniable indication of what is likely to follow. For at present Mr. Fineman is in Paris writing his second book, and it is on a Jewish theme.

This news is cause for rejoicing, for "This Pure Young Man," in idealism, depth of understanding of human character, and technique, sets its author aside as a most significant member of the younger group of Jewish writers who are only now coming into their own. It is a book on a whole generation—the generation that was about 21 at the time of the war—in fact, Fineman's generation—and an idealistic youth battling the materialistic tendencies of that generation. The book is written in a mellow minor key, and from intriguing start to its fine ironic finish it is rich in tone and interesting in development.

It is with a good deal of impatience that we await the promised second novel.

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

* * *

THE SAGE OF CONCORD

Light of Emerson (Rex Publishing Co.).

THE cream of all the important utterances of one of America's deepest thinkers of yesteryear, Ralph Waldo Emerson, are here condensed into one volume. So rich are the majority of these nearly 2,000 quotations that the book cannot be read through like a novel or a volume of essays, but is a delightful companion for spare moments, and very valuable for writers, students, editors, and speakers.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

THE first meeting of the newly-constituted Anti-Defamation Commission was held in Cincinnati. Plans were formulated for a full investigation into the problem of employment discrimination against Jews.

President Alfred M. Cohen presided at the meeting of the Commission, which was attended by Samuel I. Sievers, representative of District No. 2; Abraham Berkowitz, District No. 3; I. M. Golden, District No. 4; Sigmund Livingston, District No. 6; Dr. David Philipson and Leonard H. Freiberg appointees of the President; and Dr. Rubinow.

The following were unanimously elected officers of the new Commission: Chairman, Sigmund Livingston; Vice-Chairman, I. M. Golden; Secretary, Dr. I. M. Rubinow; Executive Committee, President Alfred M. Cohen, Sigmund Livingston, Dr. David Philipson, Leonard H. Freiberg, and Dr. Rubinow.

The Secretary's report was comparatively brief in view of the very comprehensive nature of his report to the Quinquennial Convention in April. Nevertheless, it showed that the impressive work performed by the League in years past is continuing with increasingly great effect. From January to August no less than 32 individual cases of alleged defamation were handled, and of those on which action was deemed necessary the great majority were amicably and satisfactorily settled.

* * *

THE first meeting of the newly-constituted Central Administrative Board, appointed by the President of the Order, was held in Cincinnati. Those present were President Alfred M. Cohen, Leonard H. Freiberg, Sidney G. Kusworm, Henry Monsky, Jacob Singer, and Dr. I. M. Rubinow.

In consonance with the Order's intention to transfer as far as may be reasonable the burden to the local Jewish community in Mexico, the Board decided that the cost of medical relief should be reduced after November 1. An appropriation of $3,000 was set aside for Mexican relief work in addition to the appropriation already made and not yet exhausted.

The formation of the first B'nai B'rith lodge in France was foretold in a cablegram from Dr. Leo Baeck, President of District No. 8, Germany. It requested that permission be granted District No. 15, England, to install a lodge in Paris. Dr. Baeck was cabled that upon presentation of a petition signed by the applicants in Paris on a form that is satisfactory, the President has been authorized by the Central Administrative Board to immediately authorize the establishment of a lodge and grant a charter, the lodge to be under the jurisdiction of the Executive Committee of the Order.

The Board concurred in the action taken by the Anti-Defamation Commission with regard to taking the first step to investigate alleged employment discrimination against Jews.

The Board also authorized the President to formally endorse the work of the Jewish Publication Society.

Since a new edition of the B'nai B'rith Manual will be a necessity in less than two years if new members are to be supplied with a copy, the Secretary was directed to ascertain and report at the next meeting of the Executive Committee the approximate cost of revising the contents of the Manual and of printing it in a larger form.

* * *

THE highest honor within the reach of the city of Mobile, Ala., has again been conferred upon a prominent Ben B'rith of that city—Leon Schwarz. He was named mayor for the term which began October 15.

Mayor Schwarz is serving his second term as the city's chief executive, having held that office several years ago. He is a Past President of District No. 7, and at present is a member of the Anti-Defamation Commission. In addition he is Chairman for Alabama of the Southeastern Conference, Union of American Hebrew Congregations; and a trustee of the Government Street Temple of Mobile. He served as a lieutenant in the Spanish-American War, a captain in the World War, and now is a major in the reserve corps of the Army. He was serving as a city commissioner when elected mayor.

ALFRED MACK of Cincinnati Ohio, for 36 years a law partner of Alfred M. Cohen, President of B'nai B'rith, has been appointed Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton County, Ohio, by Myers Y. Cooper Governor, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the incumbent. Judge Mack is an outstanding citizen and lawyer. Editorially, every Cincinnati daily newspaper said so and approved the action of the Governor. Besides Judge Mack is an upstanding Jew as was his father before him.

In many respects their careers are alike. Each took active part in promoting education. The father, for a generation, was a leading member of the Cincinnati Board of Education; the son for a decade or more has been a Trustee of the Cincinnati University. The father was the first Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Hebrew Union College; the son for 20 years has been a member of that Board. Both father and son, in turn, were President of K. K. Bene Yeshurun, the Synagogue with which the name of the illustrious Rabbi Isaac M. Wise is indissolubly associated. All his life, Henry Mack was an ardent Ben B'rith. Such also is Alfred Mack. He was Chairman of the Committee having in charge the entertainment of the delegates to the recent quinquennial convention of the Order held in Cincinnati.

* * *

DR. R. L. KAHN, a member of Jacob H. Schiff Lodge No. 694, Lansing, Michigan, has been signally honored by the League of Nations' health committee. He was the only representative from the United States to take part in the international conference of serological demonstrations in Montevideo, South America, in September. Dr. Kahn is on the staff of the University Hospital in Ann Arbor, Mich.

* * *

EVERY year California Lodge No. 163, San Francisco, holds a Mardi Gras Ball which is an event of the whole city and often draws as many as 5,000 persons. This year the members of the general committee, headed by brother Walter Mayer, President, and Brother Herman H. Kirschner, a past president, have decided to hold the affair November 1. The mayor of San Francisco will lead the grand march.

"ONE hundred new members by the end of the current year" is the slogan adopted by Portland (Ore.) Lodge No. 65. Members were inspired right at the start by the message of Rabbi Parzen, who attended the last Grand Lodge convention at San Diego. He reported that B'nai B'rith is making great strides in its colossal educational, spiritual, and philanthropic undertakings.

A large turnout of members heard Irvin Goodman speak on "Oregon Prison Realities" at a recent meeting.

* * *

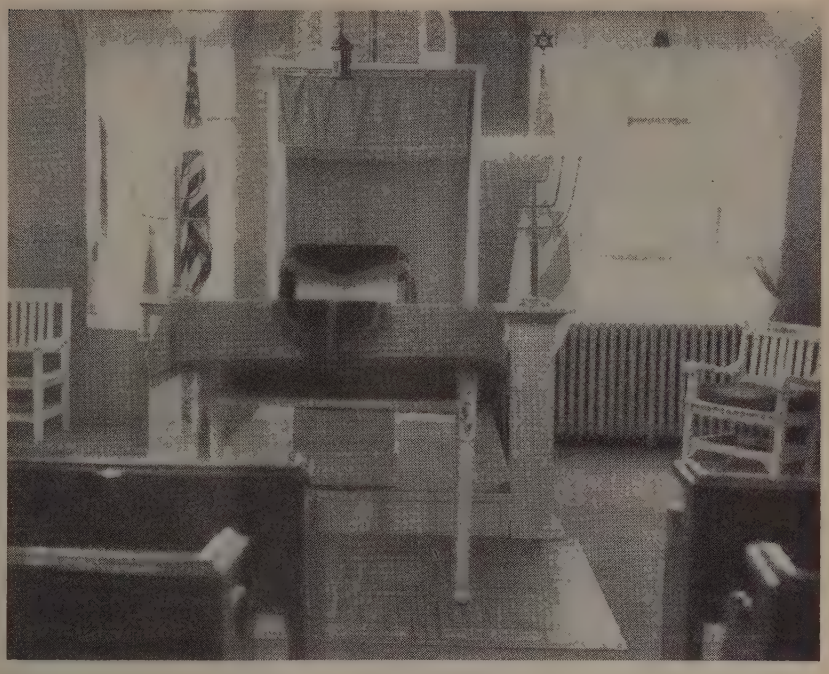
WITH the summer far behind, Kansas City (Mo.) Lodge No. 184 opened up the fall season with vigor. Among the varied activities of the lodge, the most important event will be the membership campaign in November. It will be under the leadership of A. J. Granoff, vice president, and Lou S. Gerson. A vigorous campaign is scheduled for November 4, 5 and 6. For a number of years Kansas City Lodge has been a leading group in the District, and it is hoped that even the impressive records of the past will be surpassed this year.

Just across the state line, Beth Horon Lodge No. 599, in Kansas City, Kansas, is already in the midst of its own membership campaign. Three teams, captained by Sol Spector, Joe Greenbaum, and Harry Lazarus, are engaged in a fierce internecine struggle for supremacy, for the team obtaining the largest number of new members will dine in state at the expense of the other two teams.

All Kansas lodges are preparing to send delegates to the Kansas State Convention, which will be held in Wichita November 9.

* * *

ENTHUSIASM for the Order and its work was engendered at the tenth annual convention of the Tri-State Association of B'nai B'rith Lodges of the states of Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico. Leopold Sanders reviewed the Thirteenth Quinquennial Convention of the Constitution Grand Lodge; A. B. Hirschfeld, President of Denver Lodge No. 171, spoke on "Better Understanding"; Miss Julia Shapiro, of Cheyenne, delivered an address on "Jewish Women in Professions"; Simon J. Heller, First Vice President of District No. 2, on "Jew and Jew"; Phillip Finkelstein of the Hebrew Union College, on "A Tribute to B'nai B'rith"; and Maurice H. Spiegleman on "B'nai B'rith Ideals."



The synagogue established by B'nai B'rith at Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, O.

AN event of city-wide importance and of national interest to members of the Order will take place in Detroit November 9 when Pisgah Lodge No. 34 will hold a testimonial banquet of a most unusual nature. The occasion will be for the purpose of paying tribute to three well-beloved veterans in B'nai B'rith activity, as well as to revive interest in the many recent movements of the Order with which the general public is not sufficiently acquainted. In view of the prominence of the recipients of honors a very representative turnout of the best Jewish element in Detroit is expected.

The three to be honored are all past presidents of Pisgah Lodge. Adolph (Daddy) Freund, is also a past president of District No. 6. This grand old man of B'nai B'rith has not only served the Order in the most distinguished manner for 60 consecutive years, but is still one of the most interested and active members of the Order anywhere in the world.

Brother Bernard Ginsburg, another past president of the District, has seen 40 years of B'nai B'rith service. Brother Jacob Miller's record is 30 years. Both are likewise still active members of Pisgah Lodge.

Brother Milford Stern will preside, while Hon. Frank Murphy, mayor of Detroit; Brother Henry Monsky, and Rabbi Bernard Heller, new Director of the Michigan B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, will deliver addresses.

AN interesting report on Rosh Hashonah at the Ohio Penitentiary has been "Respectfully submitted by the Jewish inmates." The Jewish synagogue there was brought about through the combined efforts of the late I. B. Jashenosky and Jack Myers, as well as other members of Zion Lodge No. 62, and financially aided by District Grand Lodge No. 2.

"A reverential dignity," says the report, "marks the scheme of decorations which grace this miniature synagogue, which was rededicated with the advent of Rosh Hashonah. This holiday was observed by the Jewish inmates, the privilege having been cheerfully granted by Warden Thomas.

"Services under the direction of Mr. Myers were impressive and solemn. Special memorial prayers were recited for the late Rabbi Jashenosky and the men who lost their lives in the recent penitentiary holocaust.

"Little is known of the great work of those who give their time in our interest, but it deserves a greater recognition because it is an example of pure altruism and philanthropy without glamour. This has reference to B'nai B'rith, under whose auspices these services are held, and in particular to Mr. Jack Myers."

ACROSS THE SEAS

B'nai B'rith Founds First Lodge in South America

ONE of the most auspicious and significant occasions in the current history of South American Jewry was the recent establishment of the first B'nai B'rith lodge on that continent in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The establishment of this lodge means that B'nai B'rith is now functioning on four of the five continents in the world, Australia being the only continent without a B'nai B'rith lodge.

But it means much more than that. Since the end of the world war, South America has steadily been absorbing immigrants from the disordered countries of Europe and elsewhere, until the South American Jewish community has now come to be recognized as important and potentially great.

The inauguration of the Buenos Aires lodge took place in the temporary Temple of the local congregation. Brother Gustav Gottschalk, former president of the Stuttgart (Germany) Lodge, presided, and was assisted by several brethren of the Stuttgart and Manchester (England) Lodges. J. B. Eddis, first president of the new lodge, the other officers, and the founder members, were initiated in the most solemn and impressive manner. All seemed to realize the sacredness and importance of the occasion. German, English, and Spanish were used during the ceremony, which represents some, but not all, of the languages and nationalities of the group.

Thirty-eight men were inducted. They were carefully selected from amongst the representative members of the international Jewish community resident in Buenos Aires, and include doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects, journalists, manufacturers, industrials, importers and exporters, municipal and government officials. As was the case at the inauguration of the Shanghai, China, Lodge, both the Sephardic and Ashkenasic factions are included.

"The Buenos Aires Lodge of B'nai B'rith is a link in the chain of other B'nai B'rith lodges all over the United States, Europe, and Asia," said President Eddis in his inaugural address at the banquet following the installation of the lodge. "The principles of the B'nai B'rith consist in endeavoring to make the lives of the Jews in all parts of the world safer, to enlarge the scope of their spiritual activities, to inspire a better sentiment and greater respect towards the Jews by other races, protect against anti-Semitism, awaken in the Jewish youth the sentiment of their responsibility to their race, and demonstrate to the Argentine and South American people what the B'nai B'rith conception of life and ideals stand for."

Pointing out that few cities of similar size in the world possess such a large number of Jewish benevolent societies and institutions of all kinds as Buenos Aires, Brother Eddis emphasized the fact that B'nai B'rith is not another of those institutions, but is something profoundly different.

"Its activities," he said, "which are to be consecrated to the spiritual advancement of the Jewish communities, are not local, they are meant to extend to the whole of the southern hemisphere. The Buenos Aires Lodge of B'nai B'rith has, furthermore, a sacred mission to accomplish in the Argentine, for as yet we are not a united community. What B'nai B'rith was able to do for Jewish communities all over the world it can do here. Our Order is founded on the precepts of brotherhood and unity and once the different opinions held by leaders of the numerous Hebrew societies in Argentina on Judaism in this country are reconciled, through the beneficent influence of the Buenos Aires Lodge of B'nai B'rith, it will be possible to organize and develop concentrated and forceful action to confront the problems of Judaism in this country with the universal problems of our race."

Members of the Buenos Aires Lodge are hoping soon to inaugurate a great program of education which will help to bring together the Jews of north and south. Isolated from the rest of the Jewish world largely by virtue of their geographical position, but even more by virtue of their different language—Spanish—they hope to bring about closer understanding through translations of the most essential parts of articles and publications of general interest, as well as by visits of prominent B'nai B'rith members from all parts of the world.

The first step in this direction is a projected translation of the B'nai B'rith Manual into Spanish. Officers and members of the South American Lodge find in this book an invaluable educational force, and plan to freely circulate it amongst the hundreds of thousands of Spanish-speaking Jews in South America.

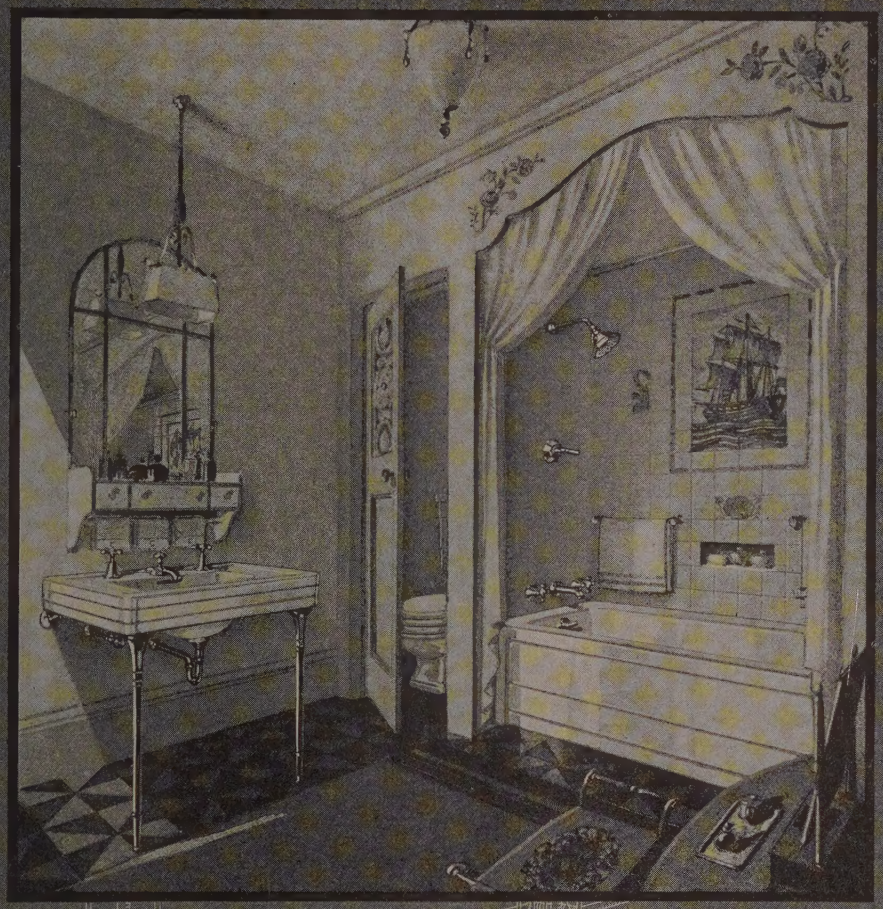
A MEETING of the District Grand Lodge of Great Britain and Ireland was held in London recently with many prominent members of the Order present. A cable of greetings was received from the Constitution Grand Lodge, signed by President Alfred M. Cohen and Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary.

It was reported that as a result of a report in the *Jewish Chronicle* of February 28, 1930, on the B'nai B'rith convention held in London, a communication had been received from Calcutta, India, which might lead to the formation of a lodge in that city. Consideration was given by the meeting to the question of forming B'nai B'rith lodges in Brighton, Hull, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Cardiff, England.

At the instance of the First Lodge of England, the provincial lodges were asked to create facilities for the employment of selected cases of Jewish discharged prisoners.

An application was sympathetically considered from the Council for Jewish Adult Education in London for the formation of local branches of that organization. The meeting also favorably received an application from the Jewish National Fund for associating B'nai B'rith with the memorial to the late Lord Balfour, by the inscription of the name of the Order, or of the constituent lodges, in the Balfour Golden Book.

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930



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Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

An Octogenarian Subscribes

The July-August issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE contained an article by Jacob de Haas on Jacob Teitel, now retired, but formerly the only Jewish judge in Russia. Judge Teitel sent the following letter to Mr. de Haas:

I have received the copy of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, which you have kindly sent me, and have read with great interest and pleasure your article. Allow me to express to you my heartiest thanks for the very kind and flattering words of your article devoted to my modest personality, and for the trouble you have taken in writing it.

I remember with great pleasure our rather too short meeting at Zurich last summer and should be very happy to meet you once more before long. May I express the hope to meet you at the celebration of my 80th birthday in November?

I am enclosing money for a subscription to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. Will you please arrange it for me?

With best wishes for yourself and your family, I remain yours very sincerely,

Nice, France. Jacob Teitel.

The B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE editors are glad to enroll Judge Teitel on the subscription list with their compliments in honor of his 80th birthday. —Ed.

* * *

The German Election

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

We know very well what intentions the Hitlerites have toward Jews, as a result of the recent elections in Germany. Isn't it interesting to see that the people "of poets and thinkers" allow such barbarian propaganda against an element that has given its best strength and qualities for the development of this great realm in Middle Europe. One reads in various papers that the immense increase in the Nationalist-Socialist vote was the cry of a desperate people. That is one art of the propaganda. It is easy to see that the great mass of votes came from the "National" parties, i. e., from the "right," who really live in comfort and not in misery. The workmen who, on the contrary, live in need and on a low level, will not side with them. Then what on earth happens in Germany? There is a real plot against our brethren which will perhaps be sanctioned by Parliament. The situation is very serious and calls for the attention of Jewish people all over the world, especially in America, where many Jews have or have had parents and relatives in Germany and other parts of Europe.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Arthur Ornstein.

Ambassadors of Ill Will

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Recently I read "Let Jews Be Americans," by George Washington Ochs-Oakes, editor of CURRENT HISTORY. He says that we lack culture, that we flaunt the Yiddish papers on the street cars, that we use Yiddish in the presence of Gentiles, and that many of us remain foreigners of our own free will.

We need never be ashamed of the Yiddish papers any more than the German is ashamed of his German papers or the Italian of his papers. But as to culture, that is a different matter. It has been my personal and sad experience to be in summer resorts and hotels where some Jews have acted and carried on in such uncouth and brazen ways as to positively amaze me and I was certainly ashamed of them. They are loud in the living rooms, call back and forth in the public dining rooms, break into private conversations without invitation, correct their children so loudly at the table that they are heard all over the room, their table manners are barbaric, and in a word they are very much heard and felt by all in the place.

Some Jews are inclined to be too conspicuous. We are conspicuous enough because we are Jews and in the minority, and if we are to be conspicuous at all, let it be for our good points, which are many.

All the Good-Will meetings and dinners in the world won't do much good if we keep sending out ill-will to our non-Jewish friends through the medium of such Jews as one meets in many public places.

Columbus, O. Sidney L. Basch.

* * *

From One Who Knows

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

After 20 years of active communal life in Spokane, a bank failure compelled me to move to a small town where there were no Jewish contacts. For over 16 months my family and I endured this. Recently we moved to Seattle, which is teeming with Jewish activities of every nature: B'nai B'rith, Temple, Hadassah, Zionists, Council of Jewish Women, etc., etc.

The transition from one community to another is analogous to a man suffering of thirst in a desert who suddenly finds an oasis where he may drink his fill.

To those of my brothers who neglect Temple and fail to attend B'nai B'rith meetings because they feel they are surfeited with the same, or have no interest in or time for these happenings, I wish I could talk to them personally. If our experiences, as we travel this earth, are for a purpose, I hope I have profited by mine and realize thoroughly their purpose.

Be good enough to change my address so that the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE will continue to reach me.

Spokane, Wash. Albert E. Kaye.

Attends Lodge Meetings at 87

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I am in possession of a copy of the B'NAI B'RITH MANUAL with which our secretary has supplied me. I find it very interesting and instructive, for which the editor is to be congratulated.

I always attend lodge meetings when practicable, as at my advanced age (87) and state of health, I am at times deprived of the pleasure. You may be interested to learn that I am a Freemason of High Degree; was initiated in 1867 in the "Harmonic Lodge" of St. Thomas (my native land) now called Virgin Islands of the U. S. A., and served two years consecutively as its Worshipful Master.

Panama, R. of P. Joseph Fidanque.

* * *

A Symposium of Kind Words

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I enjoy your Magazine very much. Ever since I joined the A. Z. A. (about two years ago) I have received the Magazine and I never miss a single article.

Leo E. Turitz.
Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati.

* * *

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Recently, for the first time, I took the trouble of looking over the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. I was astonished at the wealth of material one can find in it and certainly feel that you are building up an exceedingly good paper. I now realize that your Magazine is one worthy of reading.

Philadelphia, Pa. Albert H. Lieberman.

* * *

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Enclosed please find my check to your order for $5.00, in payment for five years' subscription to your Magazine, to commence October, 1930.

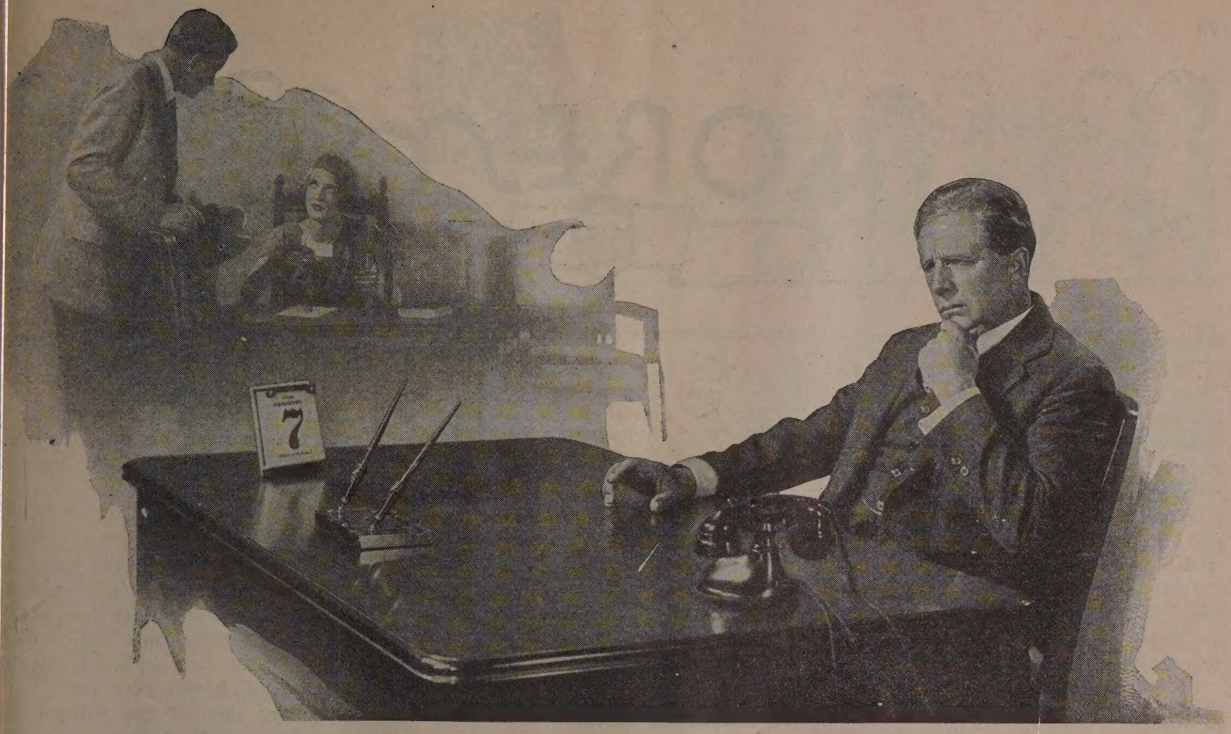
New York City. Bernard H. Sandler.

* * *

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I should like to express my admiration and appreciation of the Magazine. There is no Jewish periodical, at least in English, whose pages are so pervaded with the intense consciousness of our rich, many-sided heritage, and in which there is expressed so much enthusiasm and optimism concerning the future. Coupled with these is a realistic outlook on the very numerous problems confronting us, all of which tends to make your journal a mirror of Jewish life. I can assure you that I look forward to its arrival month by month.

Albert H. Berman, Principal.
Aria College, Southsea, England.



"He's too busy to see you today"

Should the real answer be, "He doesn't want to see you — he's got nothing to say to you — he's still waiting for last month's figures before he can talk intelligently about his present or future plans?" Isn't it a sad commentary on business efficiency that so many are busy doing nothing between the first and the seventh of the month?

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And Kosher, Too

THE line at the ticket window was very long and mixed. A stout, coarse-looking man amused himself during the long wait by whispering sweet nothings to a very pretty girl who stood next to him.

Finally, exasperated, the girl turned on him fiercely and exclaimed: "I wish you would leave me alone!"

"All right, all right, my dear!" said the fellow, "but don't eat me!"

"Don't worry," replied the girl scornfully, "I'm a Jewess."

* * *

A Method

LEVY had heard a rumor that one of his best customers was on the verge of failure, so he went to his banker and enquired whether that was true. The banker, of course, told him that he could not answer, as he would involve himself by spreading any such rumor.

But Levy was persistent, and said: "If I give you a list of ten names, will you tell me whether this man's name is among them? In that way you won't commit yourself, and I want to know whether his name is among the ten."

The banker agreed and Levy wrote down the names of ten firms.

"Yes, his name is among the ten on your list," said the banker.

"Oi, just as I thought!" cried Levy. "Nine of the names are fictitious, so it must be Beryl after all!"

* * *

Three Guesses

A VERY idealistic rabbi in one of the small towns out west received a call, at a much higher salary, from a congregation in the east. He was greatly beloved by his congregation, which was a poor one financially, and not able even to aproach the attractive offer of the eastern pulpit.

One day, one of the members of the congregation asked the rabbi's youngster if his father had come to a decision.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "Father is upstairs praying for guidance, and mother is downstairs packing the trunks."

THE way to end the year right is to send in some of the best Jewish jokes you ever heard or thought of. We want new and funny material. For each one accepted we will reward its author with a new, interesting book. Winners this month are: Anna Paull, Montreal, Can.; Miss R. Lerner, Montreal, Can.; Mrs. H. Kaufman, Corsicana, Tex.; and an anonymous student who can claim his prize upon proper identification of his jokes.

He Caught the Worm

A PERSISTENT knocking at the door woke up the Russian landlord Dvortzov at four o'clock in the morning.

"Are you Mr. Dvortzov?"

"Yes."

"Did you advertise for a companion to accompany you to South Africa?"

"Yes, will you—"

"Are you leaving at ten o'clock this morning?"

"Yes, have you—"

"Well, my name is Ginsberg. I am a traveler of considerable experience, but since I have just returned from an extensive trip I came to tell you that I can't go with you."

* * *

Alas!

DURING Napoleon's time there was a general in the Austrian army who was notorious for his atheism and hatred of Catholics, Protestants, and above all, Jews. One day he summoned a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jewish soldier to his tent, wishing to amuse himself.

"If you," he said to the Catholic soldier, "had a chance to shoot me and avoid punishment, would you do so?"

"I would," answered the soldier.

"In that case I am not surprised, for it is well known that I am a hater of Catholics," the general answered. Then, turning to the Protestant, he put the same question and received the same answer. Finally, he put his question to the Jew.

"No," answered the latter, "I wouldn't."

"What!" exclaimed the general. "Don't you know that I am the worst Jew-baiter in Europe?"

"Sure, I know that," answered the Jew, "but, you see, I'm only the drummer of the regiment, and have no gun!"

* * *

A Classic Rejoinder

DURING the time of the horse and buggy, there lived in a small village a kindly rabbi whose most noticeable characteristic was his extreme thinness. He had a horse, on the contrary, which was very fat.

One day one of the village folk passed the rabbi's house and noticed the contrast between the two.

"How is it, rabbi," he asked, "that your horse is so nice and fat, and that you, on the other hand, are so slender, even skinny?"

"You see," said the rabbi with a kindly smile, "I feed my horse; my congregation feeds me."

* * *

A Linguist

A RABBINICAL student returning to college after officiating in a far-off congregation relates the following:

"After my sermon, the president of the congregation came up to me and whispered, 'Rabbi, would you mind if I make an announcement in Yiddish?' I told him that I would not mind in the least. So he advanced to the center of the stage and made the following announcement:

'Ladies und gentlemen, ich vill machen an announcement az Tuesday evening vet sein a meeting von board of directors.'"